# The Relief Society Magazine

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# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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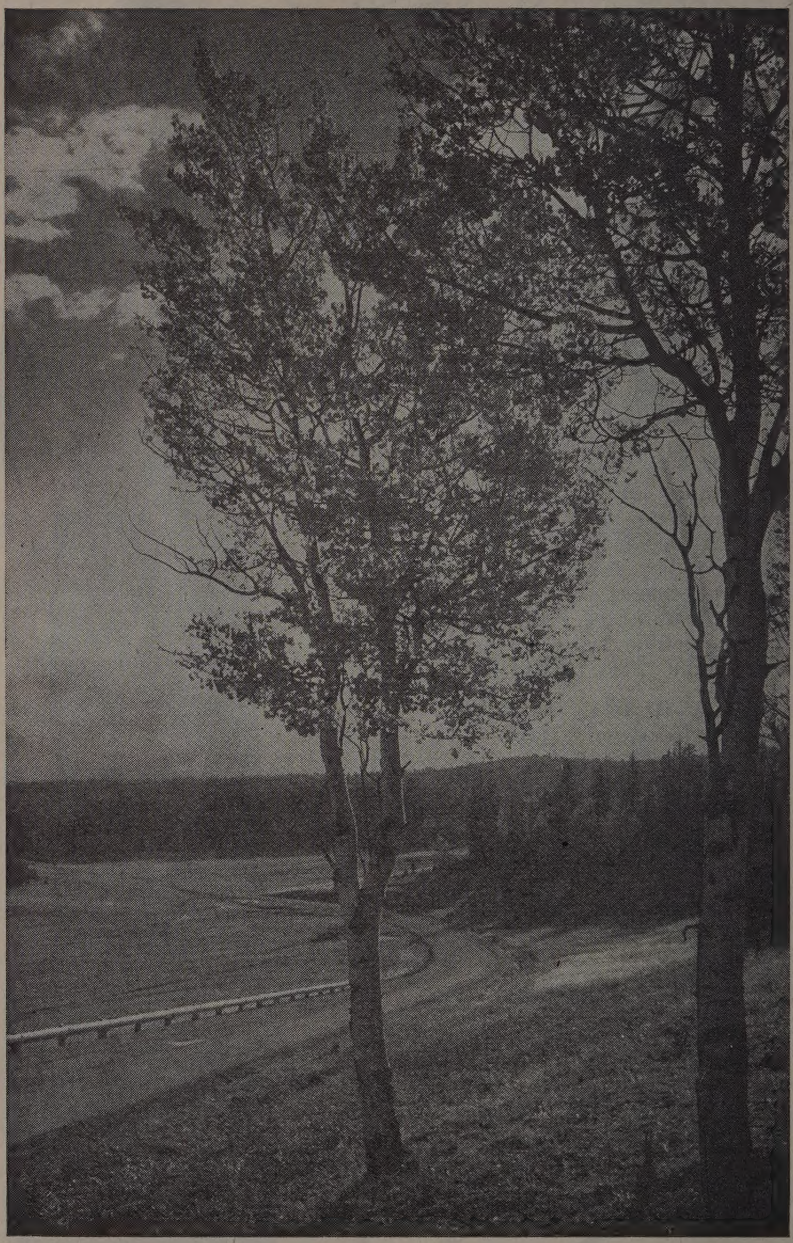


Josef Muench

ROAD TO THE NORTH RIM OF GRAND CANYON, KAIBAB FOREST, ARIZONA

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 11 NOVEMBER 1950

# For All Familiar Things

*Christie Lund Coles*

May I never again look on the fields of home,
The far, wide acres where the corn in shock
Is stacked and dried; where blackbirds line the fence
And the brown hay bulges from the worn haycock;

Where sea gulls follow the silver plow—
A line of beauty through steaming furrows—
Where the meadow lark chimes the break of day,
And the gopher in the cool earth burrows;

Where poplars stand, leaf-speared and tall,
Where the willows lean to the water's singing,
Where orchid evening moves across the hills
Softly as swallows in their southward winging,

Without a sense of wonder and of peace,
Without a prayer of endless gratitude
For all familiar things, for the free soil
On which my father, and his father, stood.

The Cover: Cypress Trees in Sutro Heights Park, San Francisco, California, Photograph by Don Knight.

# "For After Much Tribulation Come the Blessings"

*President Belle S. Spafford*

(Address delivered at the general session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference held in the Tabernacle, September 28, 1950.)

RECENTLY I read a short biographical sketch of Giacomo Leopardi, a great Italian poet and a distinguished scholar of his day. His writings were noted for their perfection of style though somewhat tinged with pessimism. Leopardi lost his love of God and, eating his heart out in reasoning despair, ended with these desolate lines: "Life is but the privation of the pleasurable; it is destroyed illusions and wounded pride. Tiresome and bitter is life—never aught but that."

Mr. Clarence Darrow, one of the nation's greatest criminal lawyers of a few years ago, an eminently successful man judged by the standards of the world, wrote that to him "the outstanding fact of human life is the utter futility of it all." He said that "no life is of much value . . . the most satisfying part of life is the time spent in sleep when one is utterly oblivious to existence, and the next best is when one is absorbed in activities."

Such futilism as expressed by these two men is one of irreligion's commonest effects. The soul that knows true religion, who has a belief in God, views life hopefully as an opportunity and a blessing. To the Latter-day Saint, possessed of revealed truth regarding God's great plan of life and salvation, the divine purposes of God in the earth-life of man and how man may fulfill these purposes are clear. God has made known to us in positive terms the "why" of human existence and the ultimate destiny of man. In the light of this knowledge, life as we live it here upon the earth from day to day assumes its true significance.

We know that we are sons and daughters of God; that our spirits had an existence before they tabernacled in the flesh; that there we dwelt with our Heavenly Father and Mother and the Son, that there we were given our free agency to act as we saw fit and that we exercised that agency and proved ourselves valiant. As a reward for that valiance, the Lord permitted us to come to earth, to take upon ourselves mortal bodies that we might further our progression. Moreover, we were given a special blessing to come to earth through the lineage of the faithful, in the dispensation of the fullness of times, heirs to salvation.

This knowledge should be a constant source of inspiration, strength, and confidence to us as we continue our earthly existence.

In his teachings to Abraham the Lord showed him the intelligences that were organized before the world was, and the Lord said:

And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them. And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads forever and ever (Abraham 3:24-26).

ONE cannot be proved by walking only the easy road, nor does he become valiant without struggle. Through a mastery of the difficult the character of a man becomes strong. Lehi, speaking to his son Jacob, declared: "For it must needs be that there is an opposition in all things. If it were not so . . . righteousness could not be brought to pass" (II Nephi 2:11).

Doctrine and Covenants, section 136:31, tells us:

My people must be tried in all things, that they may be prepared to receive the glory that I have for them, even the glory of Zion; and he that will not bear chastisement is not worthy of my kingdom.

History is replete with accounts of the children of men who have been tried, tested, and refined in the furnace of life—men whom the Lord loved dearly.

There is no more striking example of this than the story of Job. Job was perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil. The Lord blessed the works of his hands and his substance increased. Then the Lord permitted Satan to try Job as a test of his faith. His prosperity turned to calamity; his honor to contempt. Sore bereavement came upon him, physical suffering, loss of substance, taunting by his friends. So great were his trials that he cried:

Oh that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sands of the sea. . . . (Job 6:2).

My days . . . are spent without hope (Job 7:6).

My soul is weary of my life (Job 10:1).

Yet, withal, he steadfastly refused to accept sin and, with sublime faith and trust in God, he met the test, declaring:

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God (Job 19:25-26).

Scripture tells us: "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Even that great Prophet, chosen of the Lord to open this last dispensation, was not spared. When the Prophet Joseph Smith was incarcerated in Liberty Jail, he was called upon to endure hardships which were revolting to his refined and sensitive nature. Not only were high-handed injustice and cruelty practiced upon him, but the food was filthy, he was compelled to hear blasphemous oaths and to witness scenes of drunkenness and debauchery. Out of the midst of his tribulations, he called upon God in passionate earnestness:

O God! where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? . . . How long shall thy hand be

stayed, and thine eye . . . behold from the eternal heavens, the wrongs of thy people, and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries? . . . O Lord . . . stretch forth thy hand . . . let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us.

And God answered the cries of the Prophet, and said:

My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; and then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high . . . . If thou art called to pass through tribulation, if thou art in perils among false brethren, if thou art in perils among robbers, if thou art in perils by land or by sea, if thou art accused with all manner of false accusations, if thine enemies fall upon thee, if they tear thee from the society of thy father and mother and brethren and sisters, and if with a drawn sword thine enemies tear thee from the bosom of thy wife and of thine offspring . . . if thou shouldst be cast into the pit, or into the hands of murderers, and the sentence of death passed upon thee, if thou be cast into the deep, if the billowing surge conspire against thee, if fierce winds become thine enemy, if the heavens gather blackness, and all the elements combine to hedge up the way; and above all, if the very jaws of hell shall gape open the mouth wide after thee, know thou, my son, that all these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good (D.H.C. III, p. 291 *ff.*)

Surely, the Prophet is "exalted on high."

ZION'S Camp furnishes us another striking example of testing. In the year 1834 there was a day of calling and a day of choosing. A little band of brethren set out to aid their brothers in Jackson County. The hardships of that journey beggar description. Spied upon, tortured by mob threatenings, wading through mire and stream, half-fed, suffering the plague of cholera, they pushed forward toward their goal. Some there were who murmured and found fault, who were disobedient to the authority of the Prophet; others were loyal and true, facing the hardships with unwavering faith.

In a revelation given to the Prophet on Fishing River, Missouri, in June of 1834, the Lord said:

But the strength of mine house have not hearkened unto my words; but inasmuch as there are those who have hearkened unto my words, I have prepared a blessing and an endowment for them, if they continue faithful. I have heard their prayers, and will accept their offering; and it is expedient in me that they should be brought thus far for a trial of their faith.

*Essentials of Church History* tells us:

While the object for which Zion's Camp was organized and for which they made the journey, as understood by the members, was not attained, yet without question they did accomplish all that the Lord expected of them . . . . Their faith was tried; experience had been gained by which men were to be chosen for responsible positions in the Church in days to come.

But, you say, these are trials which came to the great and chosen of the Lord. What of the more humble among us? We too must be proved. All must face trials, some of which are more or less personal in nature, and others the trials incident to the day in which we live. These trials are not given us by an unkind providence to crush us. Many of them are man-made, the result of man's weaknesses and imperfections. But, regard-

less of their source, by a mastery of them we may rise to our fullest stature.

Paul Speicher has said:

> Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott. Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyan. Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington. Have him born in abject poverty and you have an Abraham Lincoln. Deny her sight and speech and you have a Helen Keller. Bind him down with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli.

And we might add: "Have him reared by a widowed mother under the hardships of desert pioneer life and you have a Heber J. Grant."

ONCE again in our day, at home and abroad, is mankind suffering the toll of lust for power, of fighting and bloodshed. Throughout the world people are harassed by the perplexities of the nations, and by the judgments which are upon the land. The hearts of the prophets are heavy; the leaders of nations confused; wives and mothers, contemplating days ahead of armed service for their husbands and sons, are sorely grieved. The prophets have told us that wars are to come, and come they will. The earth must be purged from all unrighteousness that it may be prepared for the celestial glory.

Our concern is to meet with faith and fortitude the afflictions incident to the day.

The women of the Church must prove themselves a steadying and unwavering influence in their homes and in their children. Driven by our own anxieties, it is so easy to project fears, to implant bitterness, to impair hope, to destroy faith. This, Latter-day Saint wives and mothers must not do. Rather, must they build faith and enlarge their own understanding, and that of their families, of God's great plan and purposes, so that when the bitter experiences of life come the doctrines and teachings of the Church will be a living reality with unbounded sustaining influence and power. Courage must be ours and a hopeful heart. Wisdom and intelligence must dictate our course, and our emotions must not be allowed to run unbridled. The Lord has admonished us, "Live near unto me," with the promise, "I will live near unto you."

Let us make of our homes a sanctuary, a place where the sweet spirit of the Lord may dwell, regardless of the confusion in the world about us. Let each of our homes be a place of such faith, peace, and understanding companionship that wherever family members may go, or whatever experiences they may pass through, the sweet memory of home will bind them to it, buoy them up, and help them to endure without yielding.

I beseech you, sisters, during these days of stress to maintain your homes as normally as is humanly possible. Safeguard your own health. Do not dissipate your physical strength, for a troubled spirit takes its toll of physical strength, and, in turn, the spirit is more readily crushed when the body is weak. Know this, that being children of the Father we have within us resources of power and strength great enough to enable us to meet valiantly whatever adversities this earth life may bring; and

"after much tribulation come the blessings," if we meet them with faith, retaining our testimonies strong as did Job when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

And now, my sisters, I leave with you my blessing. I bless you for the righteousness of your lives, for the faithfulness of your service to Relief Society, for the quality of your wifehood and your motherhood, that as you order your lives according to the teachings of the Church, the stern days ahead will not find you disconsolate and crushed in spirit, but strong in faith and testimony, more worthy of exaltation in our Father's kingdom because of the manner in which you have met the tribulations incident to your day.

The Lord has promised:

> Wherefore, I now send upon you another Comforter . . . that it may abide in your hearts, even the Holy Spirit of promise . . . This Comforter is the promise which I give unto you of eternal life, even the glory of the celestial kingdom.

In Doctrine and Covenants, section 61:36, is this blessed promise:

> And now, verily I say unto you, and what I say unto one I say unto all, be of good cheer, little children; for I am in your midst, and I have not forsaken you.

May this be your blessing, sisters, I pray.

## Trees in November

*Maryhale Woolsey*

This is their last frail, precious hour of glory.
The pale gold day yields to a somber sky,
And melancholy ghosts of summer sunshine
Drift silently where scattered treasures lie.

They lift a few bright hoarded leaves, like banners,
While near the grove, a storm-king's forces press—
To march, invincible at last, upon them
And loot their final store of loveliness.

This they must know, through year on year of learning;
This they accept with calm and noble grace.
They make no cry against the winter's coming,
No futile protest for their stricken place;

But patiently they wait till April wakes them
With voice of rain, with touch of feathered wing . . . .
For this, their last brief hour of autumn glory,
Is prelude to their long white dream of spring.

# Mildred Bennion Eyring Appointed to the Relief Society General Board

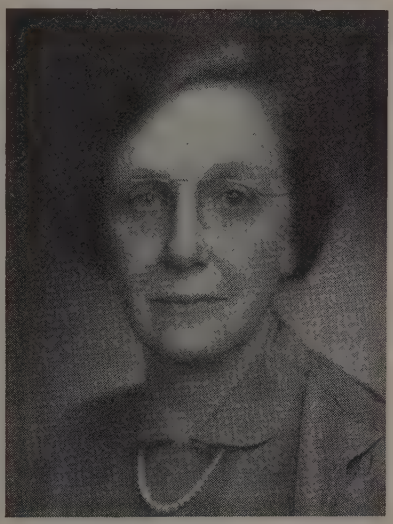
*Leone G. Layton*
Member, Relief Society General Board

ALL who have been associated with Mildred Bennion Eyring will welcome her appointment to the general board of Relief Society on September 18, 1950. To know Sister Eyring is to appreciate the sturdy pioneer forebears who loved the gospel pattern by which she has lived. Wherever she has been, she has served the Church, and many missionaries and members bear testimony to the hospitality of her home.

Born in Granger, Utah, to Marcus and Lucy Smith Bennion, Sister Eyring early learned the value of service, as her mother was counselor in the ward Relief Society presidency for many years. Mildred's appointment as assistant Sunday School organist at the age of fourteen demonstrated her interest in music which has continued through her life.

She obtained a B. S. degree in the field of health and physical education from the University of Utah, remaining there as a faculty member for seven years. A desire for further study took her to the University of Wisconsin, where she met and married Henry Eyring.

Having previously accepted the position as Head of the Women's Division of Physical Education at the University of Utah, she returned there for a few months before going to Germany with her husband for a year. They returned to Berkeley, California, where Dr. Eyring taught for a year before accepting an appointment in the Department of Chemistry at Princeton University. Here they labored diligently in the small branch at New Brunswick, New Jersey, often traveling fifty-nine miles on Sunday, and stopping on the way to invite missionaries and other members to ride with them to Church. The Eyring home was open to all and, during the war years, the branch met there. Sister Eyring served as counselor and theology leader in the small Relief Society, and many gatherings were enriched by her lovely singing.



MILDRED BENNION EYRING

The appointment of Dr. Henry Eyring as Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Utah brought the family West, and Sister

Eyring became active in Monument Park Ward, Bonneville Stake. She was called to be theology leader and a visiting teacher and, later, first counselor in Relief Society and taught the Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School.

Sister Eyring is the mother of three sons, Edward Marcus, now serving as a missionary in the French Mission, Henry Bennion, and Harden Romney. The Eyring family is characterized by the fine quality of intellectual companionship which they enjoy. The motto of their household might well be, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

## *Thanksgiving*

*Louise Spencer*

MORE than three hundred years ago a small band of people to whom right and wrong meant more than life itself, left their home shores and all they had ever known to embark in a small vessel, with a poorly charted course, over a great ocean, to a vaguely known destination. Surely there must have been times when a flood of fear rose up in their hearts, fear that could be smothered only in the blessed relief of prayer. Prayer and the belief that God led them.

And he did guide them, not to the sunny southland of which they had dreamed, but rather to the rigors of the rugged country soon to be known as New England. Here they were to leave their mark on civilization. Here their choice posterity was to become a force for righteousness on earth.

That first winter the grim reaper took many of their number by the hand and led them to still another land. But those who remained never lost their courage—nor their hope—nor their faith in God. When spring came they planted seeds, only hoping to be allowed to reap what they had sown. God was merciful and granted to them an abundant harvest.

So overflowing with gratitude were the hearts of these people that they found it insufficient expression of their feelings to merely say, "We thank thee, God." Out of their need for a greater expression they set aside one day to be used for the giving of thanks to him. Their tables were heavily laden with a portion of that most important harvest, and the Pilgrim, who had known so many lean days, with his friend the Indian, sat down together to feast.

Today, we remember those people and their many fine deeds. For we, like them, have found a need for giving thanks for our harvest and for all of which it is symbolical. For if there were no peace among men in our midst there would be no harvest; if there had been storms and havocs of nature there would be no harvest; if God had not watched over the seed and given it power of increase there would be no harvest. Without harvest the earth would soon be desolate and without life.

So, following the good example of our Pilgrim Fathers, we of this generation have set aside one day after each harvest for thanksgiving to God.

# A Star Is Shining

*Sylvia Probst Young*

SNOWFLAKES, like small curled feathers falling against the bus window, held Jessie's eyes and brought a little smile to her lips. There would be snow for Christmas. Already it lay upon the roofs like foamy cake frosting, and every tree stood "ridged inch deep in pearl." She had hoped that it would snow, snow would make it seem a little more like Christmas tomorrow, although nothing would really make it seem like Christmas without Mom. For Mom had made Christmas, and every memory of her was as bright and sparkling as the lights on the Christmas tree.

A sudden mist blurred Jessie's eyes—remembering. They had always had such fun planning for Christmas. Ever since she was a very little girl she had helped with the gift wrapping and the Christmas cards. Together, she and Mom had made fondant and a very special kind of Christmas cookies with nuts and dates and lemon peel. Together, they had trimmed the tree, with Dad there to hang ornaments on the topmost branches. But the most important thing about Christmas had been planning a present for Dad.

This year everything was different, for Mom was not here—Mom had died. It was so final and poignant, that knowledge, and always it was with her, stinging at her heart. Christmas without Mom would never be the same. Last night she and Dad had trimmed their tree, and Dad had been unusually gay, but she knew he was just pretending. Last year they had popped corn by the fireside, and Dad had read the Christmas story from the Bible. She and Mom had played a duet—"Star of the East." She could remember it all so clearly, even the dress Mom was wearing—a new, blue wool, the color of her eyes. Always, through all the days and years, there would be only memories—memories that made her ache with longing.

* * * * *

EVERYTHING had changed so much since that October morning when she had awakened to see Dad sitting by her bed not looking like himself at all. She had been afraid then, more afraid than she had ever been before, because he was so gray-looking and old. He had held her very close and had tried to say something, but he couldn't talk, and she had known without being told. The next few days had been like a horrible dream. Everyone had been so kind and had tried so hard to help, but it was as if her heart were frozen inside of her and wouldn't ever thaw out. After the funeral was over, and they were all alone—just she and Dad, loneliness settled in with them like a permanent tenant, familiar everywhere—in the living room, the bedrooms, the kitchen, the yard. It had been almost more than she could endure, and one day Dad had found her in Mom's clothes closet with her arms around a blue gingham house dress, crying softly to herself. But when she saw how choked up he became

she forgot about herself, thinking of him. Thirteen or thirty-six, it was a mutual feeling. And there, wth his arms around her, she had resolved to be brave and to never let him see her cry again. She had succeeded, too. But time crept along on old, tired feet. It seemed like two years, instead of two months, since Mom had gone.

A tear slid down her cheek, and she brushed it away. Another block and she would get off in front of Samuelson's. She was going there to buy a present for Dad—a white shirt from Mom and her. They had planned it during those long weeks in the spring when Mom had to lie in bed with rheumatic fever. There had been so many hours to talk things over and plan for birthdays and Christmas.

"I know something we must buy for Dad's Christmas," Mom had said one day, "a white shirt. When he was getting ready for church last Sunday I noticed how shabby his shirt is, and it is the only white one he has. I've already turned the collar and now the cuffs are beginning to fray."

"And every man wears a white shirt to church," Jessie volunteered.

A sudden shadow had crossed Mom's eyes. "My doctor bills have been such a drain, Jessie. Your Daddy has gone without so many things he really needs. I've been thinking how nice it would be if we could really make his Christmas special this year. By June I'll be all well and strong. Then maybe I could work again. Wouldn't it be nice to have our own money and to be able to buy him ties and several shirts and a robe?"

"I think it would be the nicest thing," Jessie had agreed eagerly. "And maybe I could help, too, if someone needs a baby sitter."

BUT it was not until September that the first money went into their Christmas fund. For although Mom had been up since June, and seemed to be as well and full of life as before, Dad simply would not hear of her going to work; and all summer long it seemed that no one needed Jessie to mind children. Then one day in September, scarcely two weeks before that never-to-be-forgotten day when Mom was rushed to the hospital, Jessie came home from school to find her busy making an angel food cake, and she was beaming.

"Jessie, just think, honey, Mrs. Price asked me to make a cake for a party she's having tonight. That will be a dollar toward our Christmas fund, and, who knows, by Christmas maybe I'll have a chance to bake a dozen cakes."

That had been a memorable afternoon. Jessie had helped whip egg whites and sift sugar and flour, and all the while she and Mom had talked about the fun they would have surprising Dad. That night they had taken the precious dollar and put it in a little blue china vase on the highest cupboard shelf.

It was the last time Jessie had thought anything about the money until one day just after Thanksgiving. Then she took the vase down, and emptied its contents into her hand—one round, silver dollar. Tears ran down her cheeks as she remembered the cake-baking day. There wouldn't be enough money to buy the things they had planned,

but maybe there would be enough for the white shirt if she could earn a dollar before Christmas. Maybe Mrs. Roberts would want to do some Christmas shopping and would need a baby sitter now since Gary was born. Jessie decided to stop by and ask her.

And Mrs. Roberts had been so sweet, especially when Jessie told her about the white shirt. "Why, yes, Jessie, I'll be very glad if you'll stay with him, maybe next Friday after school."

She had stayed on Friday afternoon and then last Saturday morning. Now she had the money—two dollars here in her purse, and it would buy a white shirt. Samuelson's had advertised them for a dollar and ninety-five cents. Dad would have a new white shirt even if she couldn't get any of the other things she and Mom had talked about. He wouldn't have to look shabby in church any more. Jessie smiled a little, could it be possible that Mom might know? She had thought when she looked at Mom's picture this morning that her smile seemed unusually bright. It was almost as if she were going to say, "Good girl, Jessie."

The snow had stopped falling when she got off the bus, and the magic of the storm seemed to have transformed the town into a fairyland, adding glamour to each festive street. Over the silvery, frosted air, the voices of a choral group rang out: "O come all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant, come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem."

JESSIE walked slowly, drinking in the beauty of the song. The streets were crowded. People, their arms filled with packages, were hurrying in every direction. Everyone but a small boy in an old, brown topcoat. He was standing by Samuelson's window, his face pressed against the pane, his eyes glued to the silver Christmas tree with its trimmings of glistening red balls. No one seemed to notice him especially, for any child will stop to look at a Christmas tree. But something about the way he was standing, the look in his eyes, told Jessie that he was unhappy. And because all her life she had been taught to be kind, it was instinctive to stop beside him.

"It's a beautiful tree isn't it?" she said. And when he turned to look at her she could see the trace of tears in his eyes.

"Is something wrong?" she asked sympathetically.

Although he couldn't have been more than eight years old, there was a certain manliness about him.

"No," he answered, squaring his shoulders, "I was just wishin'."

"Wishin' what?"

"Wishin' that I had a Christmas tree."

"But everybody has a Christmas tree."

"I haven't." In spite of him the tears were near spilling. "Gram says Santa Claus can't bring trees, he's got too much else to bring."

"Do you live with your grandma?" Jessie asked.

"I do now—Mom died."

"Oh." There was sympathy and understanding in her voice. She knew how he felt; they had experienced the same heart-crushing loss —knew the same loneliness.

"I'm Jessie," she said kindly. "What's your name?"

"Terry Willis."

"But, Terry, you've got to have a tree. Couldn't your Grandma buy one?"

He shook his head. "She hasn't enough money."

Jessie didn't answer then. She was suddenly very conscious of the two dollars in her purse. Two dollars would buy a Christmas tree. But she couldn't buy a tree with that money. No, of course she couldn't. That money was to buy a shirt for Dad, a shirt from Mom as well as herself. They had always given Dad a Christmas present; it wouldn't be Christmas without doing that. And Dad needed the shirt, Mom had said so, too, and she had left a dollar to help buy it.

But what about a boy without a Christmas tree? And there was something so pleading in Terry's face looking up at her. What could she do? A strange sort of conflict was going on within her. The money in her purse—it belonged to Mom, too. Mom—what would Mom do? Mom would buy a tree for Terry, of course. The answer came instantly, as if someone had spoken it. A strange sort of warmth filled Jessie then. The conflict was gone; she knew the answer.

"Terry, I'll buy you a Christmas tree," she promised.

His face lighted instantly. "You will? Have you got the money, Jessie?"

"Yes, Terry, right here in my purse. Where do you live?"

"Just a block up and one over. Gee, wonder what Gram will say when I bring home a tree?" He was jubilant.

In the next block they found a man selling trees, and he seemed to be anxious to get rid of them.

"Do you have any for two dollars?" Jessie asked a bit timidly.

The man eyed them kindly. "Wait," he said.

He was gone only a few minutes, and when he returned he was carrying a little tree. It was a bit straggly, but not too bad.

"This was two dollars. You can have it for one. Won't be bad when it's trimmed up."

JESSIE handed him the money. There was still a dollar left. Maybe she could still buy something for Dad. Terry picked up the tree. His face was radiant.

"Will you come and help me trim it?" he asked.

"Well, I guess I can if I don't stay too long. Have you got any trimmings, Terry?"

The light went out of his face. "Gee, I never thought of that, but maybe Gram's got something."

Jessie knew that it wasn't likely his Gram would have anything, at least not any glistening ornaments or silver icicles. There was still a dollar in her purse, and maybe a dollar wouldn't buy a very good tie, but a tree without trimmings was as good as no tree at all.

A little while later Jessie followed her new friend through the door of a small, shabby-looking house at the end of a narrow street. Terry was proudly carrying the tree, and under her arm Jessie held a box of blue ornaments and another of silver icicles. The room they entered was quite bare, but very clean, and warm from the fire glowing in the little heating stove.

"Gram," Terry called, "come and see what I've got."

From the adjoining room came a thin, frail-looking woman, with soft, gray hair and a face that expressed gentle kindness. She looked from Terry to Jessie in complete surprise.

"Gram, just look," cried the boy, "a Christmas tree and *trimmings!* This is Jessie, Gram. She got them for me."

"Jessie," she smiled warmly. "What a nice surprise. So you buy a tree for my boy. Come by the stove and take off your coat. Now tell me how you knew Terry needed a tree."

Briefly Jessie related her meeting with the little boy, while Terry busied himself with the tree. The Grandma listened, and her eyes grew sad.

"So bad I wanted a tree for Terry. But this month I needed coal and warm underwear for him. So little money I have, none is left for a tree. So now you give your money for his tree, but the money you have saved for something else," she concluded. "A good girl you are. Your Mama is a kind woman, she teaches you how to do."

Jessie felt a lump rising in her throat, and then she was telling the Grandma all about Mom. And the Grandma was so kind and so motherly. With an arm around Jessie, she spoke words of comfort and understanding that drove the choked-up feeling away, and Jessie went to help Terry with the tree. It was fun seeing his eyes sparkle as the blue ornaments and the silver icicles transformed the bare little tree into a thing of beauty. For it was beautiful, Jessie decided, standing off to admire it. Somehow it had transformed the little room like a magic wand would have done. The Grandma, too, was all praise for it.

"And now I have something," she said, "come."

On the table were cups of hot chocolate she had made while they were trimming the tree. From a drawer she brought a great loaf of braided bread with a glistening top, and laughed at Jessie's wonder. "This bread we make in the Old Country for Christmas, so here I make it, too. Now you see how good it is."

It was, too, and the chocolate was delicious. Sitting there with the Grandma and Terry, Jessie decided it was the nicest afternoon she had known since Mom died.

LONG shadows were falling when she left for home. In her hand was a paper sack with a generous slice of the Christmas bread in it. "For your good Papa," the Grandma had said. Jessie had smiled. She would see them again, for the Grandma had carefully written her name and address in a little black notebook. "God bless you and your Papa," she told Jessie. "Because of you, Terry will have a merry Christmas."

It was almost dark when she got home. Quietly she went into the house and turned on the light. The face in the picture on the end table smiled at her, and she smiled back. She took off her coat and turned on the lights of the Christmas tree. It looks like a lady in a formal dress, wearing a million jewels, she thought.

Maybe there would be carols on

the radio. She turned it on, and someone was singing: "Hark, the herald angels sing, glory to the newborn King . . . ."

A calm peace filled her heart. Better fix Dad some dinner. She hurried to set the table and put the finishing touches on the food she had prepared earlier in the day. Finally she heard him coming in through the back door.

"Hello, kitten," he greeted her. "Is dinner ready—our Christmas Eve dinner?"

"All on the table, but don't you want to look at our Christmas tree first?"

He seemed too quiet, standing there looking at the tinseled boughs. Jessie knew he was remembering last year, and her heart hurt for him.

For awhile they stood in silence, watching the colored lights.

"Shall we have dinner now?" he asked finally.

After the meal was over and they were back in the living room, Jessie touched a match to the logs in the fireplace and sat down on the rug in front of the blaze.

"Dad, there's something I want to tell you."

"What's the matter, honey, anything wrong?"

"No, nothing's wrong, Dad, but I want to tell you about today. You know every year Mom and I have bought you a present together, and today I went to buy it. Way last spring we decided on it—Mom and I. We decided that we would buy you a white shirt, and I was going to get it. I had two dollars—one I earned, and one Mom earned making a cake for Mrs. Price one day last September."

"She did?" There was a choke in his voice.

"Yes. And I went to buy the shirt downtown, Dad, but I didn't get it after all, because I found a little boy who didn't have a Christmas tree."

Then she told him all about the afternoon with the Grandma and Terry. "So that's why I didn't buy you anything, Dad. I just couldn't see Terry go without a tree. But I want you to know that I really didn't forget about you, I could never do that."

"Jessie," he spoke tenderly, "you have given me the most beautiful gift in all the world—it's your unselfish heart. Look, kitten, here through the window, that star—the bright one. Remember the story I used to read to you about the Christmas angel who hung a star in the sky for every child who did an unselfish deed? A star is shining for you, Jessie—that bright one. And I feel sure your Mama knows, honey."

"Oh Dad, do you really? Do you really think so?"

"I really think so," he answered, smiling down at her.

## *Upon Reeds of Grass*

*Margaret B. Shomaker*

Perched above the tranquil pool,
A blackbird sang his song;
On slender reeds of cattail grass
It echoed, clear and strong.

Josef Muench

POPLARS AGAINST THE SKY

# Fallow Field

*Eva Willes Wangsgaard*

A brown sea, lacking foam,
  All sound and motion lost,
These waves of fallow loam
  Are white-capped by the frost.

The white sails of the snow
  And golden sail of sun
Across these waves will blow
  Until a year is done.

Then seeded loam will loose
  New color on the scene
And ripples of chartreuse
  Will deepen into green.

Where now cold silence lies
  Upon unruffled turf,
The summer wind will rise
  To sound of whispering surf.

And dancing waves will take
  The white gold from the rain;
At length the billows break
  The golden spray of grain.

# "Poor Little Rosalee"

*Norma Wrathall*

IT was a hot July afternoon when Alta Bowman, a fresh cherry pie in her hand, tapped on the kitchen screen of her recently widowed young neighbor. At the choked sound from within, she opened the door. "Why, you poor child," she murmured.

There was Rosalee, trying ineffectually to force a wire down the sink drain. Her face was smudged with tears.

"You just put that wire down, honey," said Alta, setting the pie on one corner of the cluttered table. "Wash your face, and call your little boys in from play. Then all three of you come over to my place for supper. I'll ask Will to fix that drain for you when he gets in from his work in the field. He's so handy with things like that, when you can get him at it."

Rosalee pushed back her short brown hair and dabbed at her eyes. "Oh, dear, I just can't get it to work." She saw Alta looking toward the dishes that were stacked on both sides of the sink, and the pile of clothes on a chair in the corner. "What with the boys to look after, and all, things do accumulate so," she sighed.

It wasn't that Rosalee Webb had been left destitute. Her husband had left her enough to live on, if she were careful, until her little boys, aged three and five, were old enough to go to school. It was just that she seemed so forlorn, so unavailing in the face of destiny.

Minerva Parker invited a few neighbors in for hot chocolate and sandwiches, the next evening, to discuss what could be done to help Rosalee.

"It isn't so much that she's a widow," explained Minerva," it's that she seems unable to cope with things. Alta and I have found her more than once in helpless tears. Now, I think that if we could all pitch in, sort of take the load from her shoulders for a little while, she'd be able to carry on by herself, later on."

"One thing, she's got her home," said Minerva's husband, Herbert Parker. "Give me that plate of sandwiches, Min, and I'll pass them around."

"Yes, but it was never finished," put in Alta Bowman. "He tried to do most of the work himself, so it wouldn't cost so much. She can't afford to hire it done now. Poor little Rosalee. She's always been so sort of helpless."

Will Bowman cleared his throat. He was remembering the gratitude that had poured from Rosalee's blue eyes after he'd fixed the sink drain. "Seems to me we ought to get together and do something concrete about it, not just talk. We men can finish up her house, if we get right at it every evening after work. What do you say, Herb?"

"Sure. I'm surprised, ashamed, really, that we didn't think of it first thing. You women can help

her out with cooking and things. Everybody agreed?"

THE other husbands assented. "What do you think, Orvie? Haven't heard from you." Will aimed the question at Orval Strong.

Minerva had confided to Alta that she'd invited Orvie principally because he was a contractor, and that kind of work was so expensive to hire. Orvie, who was as old as most of the husbands present, had never married. It was generally conceded that he was too set in his ways to take the step now.

Orvie chewed for a moment, and swallowed, before answering. "Well . . . it'd be all right. Fine, in fact. But, to tell you the truth, I'm all tied up for at least a month. I don't see how I could."

"Tied up!" exclaimed Alta, her cup trembling in her hand. "What about the rest of us, fruit coming on, school sewing to get started, hay men to cook for? But, at a time like this, you've got to let other things wait and help out, if you've got a drop of Christian blood in you. I should think you'd realize that, Orval."

"Alta's all tired out from bottling cherries and helping with Rosalee's children," interposed Will. "But I do think, Orvie, that if the rest of us are willing . . . after all, everybody's busy."

"Let's organize into committees," urged Minerva. She was thin and energetic, with an abiding desire to extend herself in as many directions as possible. "Some of us can do her washing and ironing—just until she feels able to do it herself, of course, and I'll get busy and make up her living-room drapes. She's had the material for ever so long. Now, you men decide who's to shingle her south roof, who's to paint and paper and connect up her water heater. Orvie, you be responsible for her cement walk, her driveway, and finishing her back porch." Minerva paused for breath and a sip of chocolate.

"Well . . ." Orvie glanced about for a possible chance to object, but the other men were talking about the shingles that Herb had left over from his chicken coop, and the fact that Mr. Simpkins, who had a wallpaper store, could let Rosalee have her paint and paper wholesale.

Orvie said, loudly, "It's all right to help people out, but you can overdo it. Now, you take Rosalee. She's young and in good health, and pretty."

"Pretty!" Alta's peppery tongue belied her smooth features and mild expression. "Trust a man to think that mere prettiness could help the poor child, at a time like this!"

But, as Minerva recalled later, perhaps Orvie had got at the heart of the matter right there.

It wasn't long until things were humming at Rosalee's house.

When Monday rolled around, Alta was at Rosalee's back door. "Just gather up your wash, honey. I'll run it through with mine. No trouble at all."

Rosalee's eyes filled with tears. "You're all so good to me. I just didn't ever know how good people could be."

"Forget it," said Alta, bustling about, "didn't you ever get your washing machine fixed, Rosalee?"

Rosalee shook her head. "Orval Strong was here and said he'd send

back to the factory in Omaha for some parts for it."

LATER that day, as Alta and Minerva hung clothes in their adjacent back yards, Alta said, "Never saw so much ironing. She'll never finish it, and I have such a lot myself, this week."

"Don't worry about it, Alt. My two girls are home now, and we'll do up her ironing. Not that both of us haven't plenty of work of our own, of course, you with six to do for, and there are five of us."

Alta nodded agreement, her mouth full of clothespins.

As her work lightened, Rosalee lost the forlorn look. Her cheeks rounded, her eyes sparkled. She was thrilled at every improvement that went into her house.

Will's farm produced abundantly that year. One morning he appeared at Rosalee's kitchen door with two bushel baskets brimming with fresh string beans. Rosalee looked up at him, thanking him, her soft brown hair framing her little-girl face, her blue eyes gentle. When Will went back home for breakfast, he told his wife, "Alta, that girl doesn't know the first thing about canning. And she hasn't a pressure cooker. Alt, it looks to me as if you'll just about have to . . . ."

"What? Oh, for goodness sake! There are three bushels of beans in my basement waiting for me. I've already done her cherries and her raspberries. How do you expect me to . . .?"

"But, Alta, she's helpless as a child in some ways. She doesn't know the first thing about . . . ."

"Oh, all right, then. Go bring the beans back. But see that she gets the bottles ready. At least, she can wash the bottles. Remember, Will," she told his departing back, "see that she washes the bottles."

Everyone felt that Rosalee should be encouraged to store as much food as possible. Grandma Webb spent a great deal of time helping Rosalee peel late summer apples for drying. But it was a funny thing, Grandma said, how helpless she was at putting them on the dryer. She never could remember which side went down. And, in no time, both her thumbs were cut from peeling.

It was about the time that Orvie was finishing up his part of the work, pouring the cement driveway, and making a little cement wall to hold back the dirt around her rose bushes. Orvie said that he had to pay the man and the helper to run the cement mixer anyway. Besides, he was tired of cement work all the time. As a child, Orvie had helped his mother place fruit to dry on the shed roof. So he placed the apple quarters in neat rows on the dryer, while Rosalee stood in the shade and talked to him.

Grandma said she didn't see how Rosalee had the patience to put up with Orvie, anyhow, the way he dawdled along with the work he was doing for her. Day after day, he'd spend half an afternoon, and accomplish practically nothing. But Minerva said not to nag him about it, as it was so hard to get Orvie to do anything for free.

BUT, as the weeks of late summer raced into fall and school days, Rosalee showed no inclination to take back the burdens that willing hands had lifted from her shoulders. All summer, the men had vied with

each other to see who could think of the most artistic way to finish up her house. Now it glistened with fresh paint inside and out. It exuded the clean smell of new wallpaper. Its windows sparkled in the autumn sun.

At the tag end of the canning season, when the days were still hot and dusty and the house cleaning was yet to be done, there was something which made the women's nerves edgy.

The men had finished Rosalee's basement just the way she wanted it. But Minerva said that she had waited five years for Herb, who was a carpenter, to build her some fruit shelves. She still had her fruit around the basement floor in cases, with labels pasted on top. And Mrs. Simpkins, who lived up the road a piece, stated that she never had been able to get her front porch painted, so this year she'd done it herself, two coats, along with all her other work. She held out her sunburned arms as evidence. The paint on Rosalee's porches had been applied mostly by Mr. Simpkins, who had been heard to say that you couldn't expect a slip of a girl like that to mount a ladder and paint anything.

These complaints were aired during a brief conversation on Alta Bowman's back porch, which had leaked for years, so that every summer, at beet canning time, the sudden thunder showers had trickled down her back while she topped her beets.

"I'll tell you what's the matter," said Minerva, with sudden insight, "we're too blessed capable."

"In a way, it's our own fault," reasoned Alta. "We started it. We urged the men to help her out. And we took over her work, even to tending her little boys. Not that she didn't need help, poor child, but Rosalee will have to learn to carry her own load, though I'll have to confess, I haven't always been as kind to her as I should have been. I gave her two bushels of peaches from my tree of late Hales, and just walked away and left them for her to can."

A strange expression crossed Minerva's face. "I guess those were the ones I did for her, preserves—she'd let them get too ripe."

The three women looked at each other, and laughed ruefully.

It was the next afternoon, as Minerva was brushing flour onto her board preparatory to rolling out pies, that the phone rang, and Alta poured the message into her ear. "Now's our chance to explain to Rosalee. She's bringing her little boys over for me to tend while she goes out with a friend. No, she didn't say who. Now, remember, we agreed to be kind but firm with her—don't forget, *firm*, Minerva."

ROSALEE, flower-fresh in a print dress, was sitting in Alta's kitchen when Minerva arrived. There was about her an air of suppressed excitement. Her eyes sparkled, her lips trembled often into smiling, one toe beat an impatient rhythm on the linoleum.

"Look, Rosalee," began Minerva, "I—we—that is, all of us are pretty busy now, getting ready for winter. Thanksgiving isn't far off. We've helped you with your canning and your work, and with straightening up your house after the building was finished, not that we haven't

(*Continued on page 767*)

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, November 1 and November 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

AFTER THE DEATH OF JOSEPH: Sometime in August after Brigham Young and other Apostles had returned from their missions a meeting was held in the grove. I could plainly see Sidney Rigdon with some others, standing in a wagon box with backs to the stand. Sidney was the one speaking then saying among other things, you must choose a guardian. I was surprised at the quietness of the whole congregation in front of the stand; no sound that indicated that any marked attention was paid to the speaker's urgent appeal to choose a guardian. . . . I saw some one spring up on the stand; with bated breath I saw the tall figure rise with great dignity, and begin to address the people, for a little moment I saw something like a cloud or mantle slip over the person; but until some minutes I could not think who the person was like but after a little, and other persons observing some change, I felt I knew not what; but I felt also that Brigham was somehow changed taller more portly, his voice also, then when some friends later on named the Prophet, I saw what all had signified that surely the mantle of Joseph had fallen upon the shoulders of the chosen head of the Church.—S. G. Richards

TO A DEPARTING MISSIONARY

There have come across the waters,
Sounds of pleading in the night,
From souls who are in darkness living
Asking thee to bring them light.

'Tis not from the untaught heathen,
Not from them the summons came,
But from Christian lands they call thee,
To bring the Gospel in His name.

—M.A.Y. Greenhalgh

We have as fine autumn weather in Cache Valley this month as I ever knew of anywhere. The evenings and early mornings are frosty but the mid-time of day is warm and bright with sunshine. The laboring men highly appreciate this pleasant weather, as it affords them the opportunity of getting their winter supplies of firewood from the canyons with so much more ease and comfort than the same could be done in storms of snow and cold winds. . . . The spirit of the sixty-first semi-annual conference of the church is being richly diffused among the inhabitants here, whose hearts are open to receive it. . . . and have we not great reason to rejoice that the women of the Latter-day Saints are not all sleeping so soundly as to let their lamps go out? . . . I sometimes forget the lapse of years dividing the present from the past, when with father and mother, brothers and sisters, I spent so many happy days in our quiet peaceful home. —Lulu

UINTAH STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE: Pres. Sarah Pope, supposed it was on account of the brethren being so busy with their teams that there were so few present. Hoped all had the spirit of the Lord with them, and if they had we would be able to have a good meeting if there were but few.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

DAWN, a poetry anthology, recently published in San Francisco by the Poets of the Pacific, contains the work of 134 western poets. Nineteen of these are contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*, sixteen women and three men: Alice Morrey Bailey, Berta Huish Christensen, Christie Lund Coles, Vesta P. Crawford, Beatrice K. Ekman, Rose Thomas Graham, Lael W. Hill, Eunice J. Miles, Ora Lee Parthesius, Pansye H. Powell, Anna Prince Redd, Dorothy J. Roberts, Margery S. Stewart, Mary Pack Triplett, Lizabeth Wall, Eva Willes Wangsgaard, C. Cameron Johns, Marvin Jones, and Edward R. Tuttle. Charles R. Mabey, former Governor of Utah, is president of the Poets of the Pacific.

THE Army Medical Corps has offered commissions to women medical specialists, with the same rank, pay, allowances, and benefits that are provided for male officers of the Medical Corps.

MISS PATRICIA JUDD, of Salt Lake City, Utah's "Miss Television," who competed for the national "Miss Television" title, was awarded a scholarship, on the basis of her outstanding talents, for a year's study in vocal music under Richard Bonelli, famed Metropolitan Opera star.

MABEL YOUNG SANBORN, last surviving daughter of Brigham Young, died September 20, 1950, at the age of eighty-seven. Her mother was Lucy Bigelow Young, and she was the last child born in the Lion House. In May 1950, Mrs. Sanborn traveled by airplane to Washington, D. C., where she unveiled a statue of her father in the National Capital, and this was her last journey away from her Salt Lake City home.

OLIVIA McHUGH of Salt Lake City, doctor of optometry and president of the American Association of University Women in Utah, has returned from a convention of the International Confederation of University Women in Zurich, Switzerland. The theme of the confederation, attended by 600 members, was the extension of human rights and welfare. Seventeen nations still do not grant the vote to women, among them Switzerland.

MRS. John E. Hayes, of Twin Falls, Idaho, cultured and competent president of the National Parent Teachers Association, is the mother of two daughters and a son, and grandmother of three young boys. In addition, she is a writer, with published poetry, articles, stories, and produced pageants to her credit.

# EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 NOVEMBER 1950 NO. 11

## Gracious Living

MANY women have sincerely tried to achieve an elusive accomplishment which they call gracious living. To each woman this term may have a different and a personal meaning. It may reflect the spaciousness and luxurious furnishings of a home; it may include the precious silver handed down for generations, or the priceless antiques that grow in value with the years; it may be characterized by the possession of treasured books and pictures, lovely china ware, pressed glass, or a Meissen vase. Some women define gracious living in terms of cleanliness and convenience. They must have all the modern conveniences and labor-saving equipment. Others, impatiently and often, change their houses, furniture, and decorative schemes, hoping thereby to find a deeper contentment and serenity in their lives.

Very likely, in truly gracious living, many of these elements may find a place, but they are symbols, not the essence of home life. It will always be the spirit of the homemaker which determines the graciousness of the home; the essential factor will always be the use which the housewife makes of the materials at her disposal, shaped and vitalized by a spiritual ideal of beauty.

I am reminded of a log house in the lonely desert of northeastern Utah, which I visited once in the fall of the year. The house was set against dry hills, sparsely cedared, and yet there was a square of green lawn, a vegetable garden, and rows of flowers that defied the drought. The homemaker had used well the small stream of water, allowing none of it to go to waste. But it was the inside of the house which reflected most clearly her ideals of beauty and comfort. Though the floors in the five small rooms were all linoleum-covered, they were bright with homemade rugs, and the color was taken up and emphasized by the brilliantly colored geraniums on the window sills. Hand-pieced quilts, crocheted bedspreads, and exquisitely embroidered pillow slips gave the bedrooms an air of old-fashioned comfort and artistry, and there were rocking chairs with cushioned backs, and in the woman's bedroom, a sewing table at the corner window. In the living room a bowl of sweet peas on a round oak table scented the room, and a child's violin lay on top of the upright piano. From the cheerful kitchen, bright with fresh paint and gingham curtains, a trapdoor opened into a cellar well stocked with home-processed fruits and vegetables and the rich color of jelly and jam. That evening when the father and his sons came in from the cattle range, and the little girls returned from school, they all settled down to a deep and abiding contentment—a simple supper, preceded by a prayer of gratitude, then a lighted lamp, and violin and piano music in the twilight.

Gracious living is not confined to any circumstances, to any period of time, to any locality. It is the pattern of the mind and the heart of the woman who makes the home, and its attributes are order, beauty, cleanliness, kindness, comfort, and a spiritual completeness to blend all the other qualities and permeate the whole. Thus gracious living may be in the heart of a great city or it may be in a small town; it may be in a remote cabin or in a spacious house. Gracious living was exemplified by our pioneer grandmothers who planted rose bushes in the desert soil, and it is an ideal of women today who bravely seek to make their homes beautiful and happy, even in times of sorrow and uncertainty, remembering always that a woman's fulfillment is to apply her energy and talents to truly gracious living.

—V. P. C.

## *Ernest L. Wilkinson Appointed President of Brigham Young University*

ERNEST L. Wilkinson, of Washington, D. C., an attorney, an active and devoted Latter-day Saint, and an alumnus of Brigham Young University, was appointed President of that institution on September 16th. He will assume his new duties in January 1951.

Born in Ogden, Utah, in 1899, the son of Robert Brown Wilkinson and Cecelia Anderson Wilkinson, Brother Wilkinson attended the Ogden public schools, Weber Academy, and Weber College, where his record of scholarship and student activity was brilliant and outstanding. After service in the Student Army Training Corps at Brigham Young University, he became a student there, maintaining throughout his entire college career a high standard of scholarship, as well as winning a reputation as a gifted and dynamic leader in debating, student publications, public service, and extemporaneous speaking. It was at Brigham Young University that Ernest Wilkinson became acquainted with Alice Ludlow, of Spanish Fork, Utah, his future wife, a talented and accomplished dramatic arts major and vice-president of the Brigham Young University student body. They were married soon after leaving the B. Y. U., and later the young couple moved to Washington, D. C.

In Washington, Brother Wilkinson studied law at George Washington Uuniversity, and was graduated from that institution, *summa cum laude*, with an LL.B. degree. He was then offered a scholarship by Harvard University Law School, and a year later was awarded the degree of Doctor of Juridicial Science, a degree awarded only to those who had maintained a straight "A" average. Soon after being awarded his doctorate, he accepted a position as an assistant professor of law at the University of California, but resigned this position to become a full professor of law at the New Jersey Law School. After teaching and practicing law for a number of years, he became a member of the law firm of Charles Evans Hughes in New York. In 1935 he and

Walter Moyle, a former Salt Lakeer, organized the firm of Moyle and Wilkinson, and later Mr. Wilkinson organized a firm under his own name. In his law work he has represented, with great ability, many of the most important industries and institutions in the United States.

Beginning his Church activities as a very young man, Ernest Wilkinson became an assistant Sunday School superintendent at the age of fifteen, and at twenty-one was a member of the North Weber Stake Sunday School Board. He has since held many positions of leadership and responsibility in the wards and branches of the Church, including counselor in the Manhattan Branch, president of the New York Branch, Queen's Ward, and bishop of the Queen's Ward. For eight years he was a member of the Washington Stake presidency, serving under Elder Ezra Taft Benson, who is now a member of the Council of the Twelve.

Members of the Church who are planning to send their sons and daughters to the Church university will rejoice in the appointment of President Wilkinson who demonstrates in his own life the progression, intellectual achievement, social, and religious leadership, and high standards of integrity and scholarship, which they would wish for their own children. Sister Wilkinson, a gracious and lovely woman, will preside with charm and dignity in the beautiful "president's home" on the Brigham Young University campus. The Wilkinsons have three sons and two daughters.

Following the lofty ideals and progressive planning of former Brigham Young University presidents, who have done so much to enrich the spiritual life of the Church and the nation, Dr. Wilkinson, in his letter accepting the new responsibility, wrote to President George Albert Smith:

> I welcome the opportunity of returning to my alma mater where chief emphasis is placed on individual responsibility and righteous living—the only key to personal and international peace.

## *The Cottonwood*

*Evelyn Fjeldsted*

This giant cottonwood withstands
The storm where winter guides the helm,
And lends apartments in the spring
To robins in a leafy realm

Arrayed in mountain green, it holds
A mirrored star in each new leaf
And from its silver-stenciled crest
Winter shadows fall across the reef

A lone tree, once a wind-blown seed,
Keeping vigil by the lake,
Before the mighty storms of earth,
Bends at times but does not break.

# White September

CHAPTER 3 (Conclusion)

*Ezra J. Poulsen*

MOLLIE came home in late September. Most of the town turned out to meet her at the little yellow station down at the bottom of Academy Street, where the railroad branch came to an end. I was closing the bank a few minutes before train time, when, to my surprise, Daphne drove up to the curb in her roadster and called me. "Jim, come with me to the train," she invited.

My heart jumped into my throat. Why was she asking me, now of all times? I felt as if I might be sorry, but suddenly I realized I wanted to go the worst way. "Thanks," I answered, with a shyness I could scarcely understand, "I might as well go to the homecoming, too."

"Yes, Jim, you might as well. People are gathering at the station as if they expected to witness a hanging."

I looked into Daphne's eyes and saw she was greatly agitated.

"It may be my hanging," she went on.

"Why do you say that?" I asked, startled.

Daphne raised her eyes from under the rim of her soft gray hat, which in some subtle way created a quiet, subdued impression—different from her usual jaunty boldness. "Jim, you don't suppose you're the only one in Knowlton who disapproves of me, do you?"

"Listen, who says I disapprove? I—."

"I'm looked upon as a corrupter of youth. If Mollie doesn't turn out all right after her fling, who'll get the blame?"

"You," I replied honestly.

"But what if she has learned to love this poky little town, to appreciate the home life here? What if she settles down and marries a home-town boy, and rears some fine, exemplary children? What then? Don't I even get a good word?"

Her voice was soft with tenderness. "Daphne," I cried, "Is that what you want?"

"Want! Why—why . . . I'd give my life for it. You know Mollie is everything to me. And life can be so rich for her if—if—she doesn't make too many mistakes." She turned her moist, sad eyes away from me, letting her gaze trail off among the frost-bitten flower beds along the edge of the street.

Strange, I thought of the frost. Then, I glanced at her hair. And, in a moment of inspiration, it seemed as if scales had fallen from my eyes, and I saw the real Daphne—the one I'd always loved. She was repentant from unfulfilled dreams and sufferings. Beneath the glittering front she presented to the world, she was trying to help others, and find a little human sympathy for herself.

Only the fact that she was driving the car kept me from giving way to the mad desire to sweep her into my arms. But we were nearing the station. The yard was full of automobiles; noisy groups of laughing young people were honking their horns and chattering in their hilarity at the thought of wel-

coming Mollie home. The train whistled as it came around the bend in Smedley's field.

Daphne stood up in her roadster, her hands tensely clutching the windshield. She no longer tried to conceal the tears rolling down her cheeks; her heart giving way to long pent-up emotion was causing her tears to overflow freely, but she seemed more beautiful to me than she had ever done in her most glamorous moments. When she sprang from the car and ran toward the train, I was with her every step of the way. I was also by her side when, with a cry, she and Mollie rushed into each other's arms. Then, suddenly, I realized many curious eyes were staring at me.

DURING the week, Knowlton was so busy listening to and discussing Mollie Dangerfield's European trip there was hardly any other subject of interest. Even Daphne's announcement of Mollie's homecoming party was a mere detail belonging to the glamorous Mollie herself. No invitations were issued. Everyone was invited. Refreshments were to be served at the Sommer's home throughout the entire evening, with games and dancing to fill in between.

Mollie completely eclipsed her aunt. Rumors started quickly that she had met a wealthy young man while in Europe, and was planning to marry him.

I looked across at Tom Andrews sitting at his desk, and for once couldn't resist the temptation to rib him. "Well, how do you and Mollie stand by this time?" I asked.

Tom glanced up at me belligerently, but, seeing I was smiling, he did the same. "Well, there's nothing particular between me and Mollie. She's going her way, and I'm going mine."

This sort of irritated me. "Oh, come now, lovers' quarrels shouldn't last forever," I suggested.

At this, he leveled off his gaze at me and replied. "Yours seems to have lasted forever."

I felt as if the breath had been knocked out of me. But I'd asked for it, so I had to take it easy. "Well, Tom, why shouldn't you profit by my mistakes?" His answer was a hard, challenging look.

Preparation for the party was made almost wholly by Daphne, with Tom's help. How tongues wagged! Mollie's going to marry the man she met on her trip. Tom and Daphne are surely not a bad match. Poor old Jim Bates has lost out again. Serves him right. But I had my friends, who, from the moment of Daphne's return, had hoped to see us make up. And Daphne had hers, who had always regretted the way she'd thrown me over.

I went to the party in a state of desperation, determined to give all my attention to Mollie and the younger girls, and never once notice Daphne, beyond granting her the recognition due a hostess.

THE old Sommers house held so many memories, I found myself walking among ghosts. From the moment I entered the wide hall, with its polished, mahogany staircase and sliding doors leading into the dining room on the left, and the living room, with its glistening chandeliers and French mirrors on the right, I was conscious of acting a part. I had to throw myself into the gaiety of the occasion and for-

get, or I was sure I'd die. Fortunately for me, Mollie Dangerfield and the younger set were in an ideal mood to entertain a bachelor banker. After all, I was only thirty-two. Why shouldn't I seek the attention of girls in their twenties? I was still eligible for them. The thought struck me forcibly and gave me courage. I danced three times with Mollie—and I've forgotten how many times with the others, after they rolled up the rugs and set the tables and chairs in the corners. I escorted them by ones, twos, and threes, and in groups to the dining room, where the buffet refreshments were served in abundance.

I noticed Tom from time to time, but I didn't see him dance with Mollie. Rather, he hung around the dining room doing little chores for Daphne, who was supervising the refreshments. Later, they danced together, but I didn't look their way.

About eleven o'clock, a lull in my commitments enabled me to pause in the hall back of the stairway to admire an etching which had long been a favorite of mine. I'd always admired the Sommers taste for fine things, their sense of elegance without vulgarity, their ease and grace of expression. Bill Sommers and his wife came to America with something of the best British tradition behind them, and had transplanted in our town a quality which had become a standard for the rest of us.

The chatter and the music in the other rooms seemed to recede for a moment, and I became lost in abstraction. Suddenly, farther down the hall, half hidden in the shadows, I caught sight of Daphne's graduation picture. I hurried to it. Inside the frame was the lock of her brown hair I'd placed there with my own hands. I was about to take it down from the wall when I discovered that Daphne herself was standing beside me. Our eyes met in troubled confusion.

In her pale blue evening gown, with her beautiful white hair curling around her face, and a single red rose corsage matching the natural glow of her cheeks, she appeared regal; yet her brown eyes smoldered with fire, and her fresh lips trembled with agitation.

"Jim," she said, in a sweet, tense voice. Her arm slipped through mine. "Jim, you haven't danced with me."

"May I have the honor now?" I responded quickly.

Without answering, she led me to the living room, where the player was just beginning a new Strauss waltz. Then she sank into my arms and we glided around the floor.

"Jim," she murmured after a long silence. I detected the quiver in her voice. "Why have you kept Mollie and Tom apart all evening?"

"Mollie and Tom! Why, have *I*?" The accusation amazed me.

"I've tried hard to get them together. I'm frantic. I counted on this party. Mollie's eating her heart out over Tom, and I know he loves her. But he's as stubborn as a mule. He won't get near her if anyone else's around. He accused her of being a flirt like—like me. That's why they broke up last spring, as you already know." Her voice faded into silence.

"What about the man she met in Europe?" I demanded.

MY words brought a half choking sob into her throat, and she seemed suddenly possessed with boundless energy. Tearing herself from my arms, she pulled me through a small side door into the study once occupied by her father. Halfway across the room she steadied herself against the back of a chair.

"Jim," she cried. "Why don't you kick me, beat me, kill me if you want, but don't stand there accusing me with your silence. I know what a fool I've been. I've died a thousand deaths." She stopped for breath. "If—if that little idiot of a niece of mine makes the same mistake I made, I'll never get over it."

"Daphne!" I whispered. In one swift stride I reached her, and crushed her to my heart. "Darling!"

She swayed, clinging to me as if afraid of falling. I could feel her tremble, as her heart pounded against mine. "Won't, won't you try again to love me?" I pleaded.

Her eyes passionately sought mine. "Love you? Love you?" she sobbed. "Whom do you think I've been loving all these miserable, moth-eaten years? Whom do you think my broken heart has been aching for? Oh, Jim!"

I drew her tighter to me. All the sorrow and anguish of a decade were wiped out in an instant. "My darling. My precious!"

She put her arms tightly around my neck, covering my lips with kisses. "Jim—Jim—my poor neglected sweetheart," she murmured through her tears. "Don't forgive me unless you want to. But love me. Love me forever. I'll make up for all those lost years. I'll be the best wife a man ever had."

"I stopped her words with kisses. "Daphne, my angel! You've made up for it already. This one moment is worth all the waiting."

In our great happiness, we forgot the passing moments. The merry-making in the next room seemed far away. Presently, Daphne led me out to the small side porch where we'd spent many a happy hour together long ago. A cold little moon was riding the sky, gilding the valley with pale mellow light.

"Sweet, this is a September night," she whispered. "You know it starts getting cold up here in Knowlton toward the end of September."

"So what?" I asked happily, seeking the warmth of her lips.

"So the frost is glistening on the walk coming up the hill. Do you mind?"

"Daphne, you little witch," I chided. "What are you driving at?"

She cuddled closer, smoothing her hair with her beautiful fingers. "My hair's the color of the frost," she whispered. "But I hope you won't mind it. You know I warned you about it long ago."

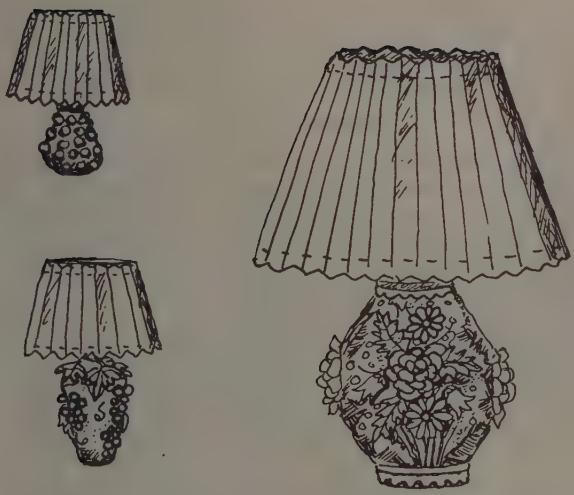
"And I promised I'd adore it," I cried, pushing my lips passionately in its warm deep fragrance.

"Jim, we're still young," she insisted.

"We'll always be young as long as our love lasts," I vowed.

Through the window, we saw Tom and Mollie dancing together. By the expression on their faces, and the closeness of their embrace, we knew they'd found each other.

"Now, darling, everything is perfect," sighed Daphne, as our lips met again in the moonlight.



## A SIMPLE SHADE FOR AN ANTIQUE LAMP

*Rachel K. Laurgaard*

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

ISN'T it a shame that the matching shade for the pretty old china lamp got broken years ago? The lush Victorian roses, violets, or apple blossoms on the base were repeated so gracefully on the top. But, alas, the shade has been gone these many years, and there is no use mourning over it now.

Yet, if you were to have the base electrified, and were to make a simple pleated shade, the old lamp could still be charming and useful on a bedside table or even in the parlor. So, why not take it down off the shelf, dust it off, and fit it to an inexpensive plain lamp shade of the proper shape to balance nicely with its pretty base?

Then, choose a strip of material in colors that blend with the china (sometimes plain colors are the most effective). The piece should be long enough to go once and a half times around the lower edge of the shade, and wide enough to cover it completely when hemmed at both top and bottom edges. Put a good stiff starch in the material, mark knife pleats at equal intervals, and press them in firmly. Then seam the ends together.

Now, run a piece of six-strand embroidery thread of the proper color about an inch below the upper edge, catching each inside pleat crease. Leave the thread ends long and loose, and slip this pleated skirt over the paper lamp shade. Draw up the threads tightly and knot them together. Adjust the pleats, and you have a crisp new shade that may not be so quaint as the lovely original, but will serve the purpose quite as well, and look nice, too.

# You Can Learn

## O Is for Ouch and P Is for Paradox

*Katherine Kelly*

AS I approached the row of pens we had made for turkey nests, hen number one thrust her neck out and hissed at me. Little shivers went up my spine. There was something about that hissing warning and the way the turkey hens thrust their heads out, low and slightly turned upward, that always reminded me of a snake. Even yet I shivered to touch them.

I remembered the first night when Tom brought them home. He released the turkey gobbler, and it immediately strutted off a short distance with its wings dragging on the ground, its tail spread out like a fan, and its red neck arched as if it owned the earth. Then Tom had handed the three hens to me. Their legs were tied together and I tried to hold them at arms length but they flapped their wings with such strength I nearly dropped them. As I lowered them to the ground, one turned and gave me a vicious peck. The blood spurted, and my arm turned blue instantly. Then and there I learned a proper respect for turkeys and never again did I try to handle them without my arms protected and good leather gloves on my hands.

This morning I pulled my gloves on more securely as I knelt in front of the first nest. I guarded my arm with my left hand as I quickly reached my right under the hen, grabbed both her legs and pulled her off the nest without disturbing the eggs. I threw her far enough away so that I could regain my footing and guard her from returning to the nest. This time she tried only once, then, ruffling her feathers, she ran off to the feeding grounds with long ungainly strides. She wouldn't eat much, but she would get a drink and take her daily dust bath before she came back, so I began carefully turning each egg.

This part of turkey raising wasn't fun like gathering the eggs, but they told me it was necessary, and now in two more days the little turkeys would hatch! That would really be a thrill! So I braced myself and tackled hen number two. As I carefully lifted her from the eggs and threw her clear of the nest, she made such a commotion that hen number three left her nest of her own accord. That was a relief. Now to hurry and turn the eggs, then see that each hen got back on her own nest, and I would be through with turkeys for another day.

It was Saturday morning and I would have to hurry to get the family ready for the reunion Tom's family was having at the park in town.

As I entered the kitchen my "family" was standing by the kitchen window in their night clothes. Ernie was tapping on the glass with his fingers. Kathy was standing on tiptoe and clutching the window sill with her little fat hands in order to see out. Just as I shut the door I heard a loud thump on the glass, so loud I thought it must

have broken the window, and I turned in alarm.

"No, no, Ernie, you musn't do that, you'll break the glass!"

"It wasn't me, mama, it was the Gobble-Gobble, see."

SURE enough there was that pesky turkey gobbler right up on the front porch, strutting like a drum major and trying to peck the children right through the glass. It was bad enough that no place but my much coddled petunia bed was good enough for him to take his dust bath. I had resigned myself to no petunias, but this was too much.

I grabbed the broom on my way out and knocked him clear off the porch. As soon as he righted himself he started to strut and gobble in defiance. But this was one time I would be the master. I hit him again and again with the straw end of the broom until he dropped his feathers and ran for the yard in complete subjection.

Somehow I felt better, and the energy of righteous indignation helped me through all the morning tasks. By the time Tom brought the car around to the front door we were ready. I was really proud of Ernie's linen suit and Kathy's little beruffled dress. They were both yellow and my dress was yellow, too.

"You look pretty as a trio of butterflies," Tom said proudly, as we scrambled into the car.

With apparent unconcern, I put Kathy in the seat between us and carefully checked the back door to see that it was securely closed on Ernie. Then, to hide my pleasure at the compliment, I put on a worried look and said, "I hope nothing happens to the turkeys while we are gone."

"What could happen? They'll be all right," Tom said.

"Well, one of the hens might leave her nest or something."

"You know very well you have to pry them off their nests. Besides it wouldn't hurt if they did get off as hot as it is today."

"I guess you're right, but I just couldn't bear it if anything happened this close to hatching time."

THE heat was distressing before we had finished the picnic lunch. Kathy refused to sit on my lap, and when I let her stand she kept trying to sit down on the grass in her pretty new dress. It should have been a comfort when it started to cloud up, but then I leaned close to Tom and whispered, "Do you think the turkeys will leave their nests if it rains?"

Tom just looked down at me and grinned. But Tom didn't know how peculiar turkeys could be. When a storm threatened they seemed to take leave of their senses and circled round and round, flying short distances and making all sorts of noises like some savage war dance. Would that urge be powerful enough to cause them to desert their eggs?

In the afternoon I didn't hear much of the talks about the family history, and it wasn't because of the thunder and lightning. As soon as the relatives began to leave, I was on my way, and I beat Tom to the car. When he teased me about not doing my usual visiting I couldn't see the joke.

We were halfway home when the storm hit us. It must have been a cloudburst! We couldn't see where we were going and had to stop by the side of the road.

Ernie danced up and down with delight, but Kathy clung close to me. Her eyes were big, and her little mouth quivered. It was fun to sit secure and protected in the car, like a glass cage, and watch the deluge of water and see the roadway itself become a swirling stream.

Suddenly the rain stopped and the sun came out with such brilliance that we forgot everything else but the glory of sunlight on that world of water. Finally, Tom stepped on the starter, and we all sighed as the car sputtered down the road.

AS we came over the hill which brought our farm into view, the canal above the valley seemed literally to rise from its banks and descend in a shining sheet over the whole area in front of us.

"Maybe the railroad track elevation will stop it," Tom said, under his breath, as we watched the progress of the flood in utter fascination.

Maybe the bank of the railroad track did turn the tide of the worst of it, but what about my turkeys? After what seemed like hours we splashed and slipped down the lane toward home. I felt like the end of the world had come and I had witnessed it.

Almost before the car skidded to a stop I was out and splashing through the mud toward the yard, new shoes, yellow dress, and all!

The pens we had built for nests were washed halfway down the stackyard. The turkey hens were a sorry sight with their wet feathers clinging to them as they walked about the yard clucking hopefully. The eggs were scattered all over the place. In a sort of daze I started picking them up and wiping them on my yellow dress. Tom came out and picked up the nesting pens and set them up again over by the haystack. It was nice of him, but what good could that do? I watched him in speechless dejection. We would never pay off the mortgage by raising turkeys now!

The eggs I had picked up were still clutched close to me, and gradually my brain started working again. The eggs were warm! Could it be that the little turkeys were not dead? I dashed to the pen Tom had set up and hurriedly scooped out a nest in the wet hay and put the eggs in it. One of the turkey hens spied the eggs and cautiously approached the nest. My heart sank again, she was such a wet frump, she couldn't warm the eggs.

But she could and she did! So did the other two hens, as we gathered up the rest of the eggs. Furthermore, the wetting must have helped the eggs to hatch. Two days later we had fifty-six baby turkeys, the cutest little downy things in the world!

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The best dowry to advance the marriage of your child with one who will render her happy is that she have in her countenance sweetness and gentleness, in her speech wisdom, in her behavior modesty; and in her life virtue.

*Woman's Exponent*, November 15, 1890

# Hobbies for Happiness

At left, Nellie M. Clark, holding a china pitcher which she decorated; at right, Luella R. Adams, holding one of her water color paintings.

These two Relief Society women of Parowan, Utah, now in their "seventies," have found much pleasure in their hobbies which have developed into real accomplishments.

Sister Adams began painting with water colors at the age of seventy-five. Her paintings, which reveal much beauty in design and color harmony, were exhibited at the Relief Society spring fashion show. For many years Sister Adams "had a hunger for art work, but living in a small community and rearing a large family, she could not, until her later years, satisfy this longing." Now she enjoys her painting each day.

Sister Clark began piecing quilts before she was five years old, and has designed and made many articles of almost every type of needlework. She is an expert at flower making and has sold ninety baby quilts, many chair sets, and numerous rugs, aprons, and handkerchiefs through the Mormon Handicraft Shop. Last winter she joined a class in ceramics. "I have always been thrilled to see the ceramic articles in the shops," says Sister Clark, "so when the opportunity came to me I was glad to try my hand at the work—and I surely love it." Sister Clark is doing exquisite work and making use of the native clay found in the Parowan hills.

As Relief Society workers, both Sister Adams and Sister Clark have long records of varied service. Sister Adams became a visiting teacher at the age of twenty-two and has served in that capacity for forty-three years. She has been a ward president and ward counselor, and has taught the theology lessons in her ward for the past twenty-five years. Relief Society work began for Sister Clark when she was sixteen, and for thirty years she was a stake counselor, having served a previous apprenticeship as a ward counselor.

Hobbies bring happiness, these women have found, and their excellent work reveals a spirit of youthful enthusiasm as well as the harmonies of mature life.

# Kathleen Learns to Paint

*Helen S. Martin*

"MOMMY, I painted!" announced my breathless four-year-old as she bounced into the kitchen.

Seeing the paint covering her hands, shoes, and dress, I agreed. "Yes, Kathleen, I can see that you have been painting. Let's go see your work"

Together we went outside. There stood her lovely little chair no longer white, instead it was a washed-out tile-red. Some blocks of the cement walk and parts of the steps were bold strokes of this same color.

Thinking that my silence gave approval, Kathleen joyfully explained, "You told Daddy that the steps needed painting—and I like red, and my chair was all scratchy."

Ignoring the scene before me, I suggested, "Kathleen, most little girls and boys like to put their pictures on paper. Would you like to do that?"

Of course she was delighted and as we made preparations I remembered that the fault was not hers but mine, and her Daddy's. He had been called away suddenly and had left his brushes, carefully soaking in paint remover, on a box where he could pick them up when he came back. It came to me with something of a shock that it had been many months since my small daughter had done any painting, except crayon coloring.

Kathleen and I tore off several strips of paper from a roll I was using to line the fruit shelves. These we tacked to the inside wall of the garage at just the right level for small arms. I cut the sleeves out of one of her Daddy's old shirts and put it on Kathleen, buttoning it down the back.

Together we mixed some calcimine with water and food coloring. We could have used show-card or tempera paints or water color refills, if there had been time to go to the store for supplies. We mixed the paints in old peanut butter jars and stood the jars on a box handy for the child's hands. Kathleen spread newspapers at my direction on the floor under the painting space to catch the drippings.

With a few instructions on how to rub her brush against the side of the jar so that the color wouldn't drip and spoil her picture, a suggestion that she keep each large brush in its own color, and a smile that said, "Have fun," I left her to paint away while I finished the dishes. She sang as she swept the brush around in large circles. The bees buzzed in the flowers nearby, and I could hear her talking to them, as children do.

The child seemed so happy that it set me thinking. How often do we deny our children pleasures and experiences that are easily arranged? All children from two to six love the opportunity for creative self-expression offered by a paint brush and a few jars of paint. Here is one place where the child can work unhampered by what other people think that he should do. The small ones can paint their own ideas—their own pictures—their own moods.

So many children find it hard to express themselves in words, but give them a big brush and a large expanse of paper and they revel in the pleasure of putting their feelings on paper in bright colors. They don't care whether anyone else sees beauty in what they do, if it pleases them, that is enough.

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"MOMMY! Mommy," called Kathleen, "come and change my paper."

I tore off more strips of white wrapping paper and went out to tack them up. Before we took the finished sheets down, I said, "What lovely circles of red you made, honey."

I had learned by experience the fallacy of trying to "name" a picture for my tiny one, but I knew that she, as with all children, loved appreciation for her work. I hoped that she would tell me about her picture.

"Those round things are bee tracks," Kathleen said. "See, the bees go round and round and round from the blue flowers to the yellow flowers and then they fly away." She pointed to patches of blue and yellow and then to a wide sweep of red that went off the edge of the paper.

"How strong your red strokes are. Now I'll write your story on the back of your picture. We'll put the date on it and you can make a K for Kathleen. Would you like to put this picture away with your want-to-keep things, and you can bring it out whenever you want to remember the story of the bees?"

"Oh, thank you, Mother. I want to keep this bee story."

Not forgetting the painted steps and chair, I suggested, as we took down the picture and put up the new paper, "Next time you want to paint, remember that Daddy uses his brushes and you use your brushes. If you ask Mommy she will put up paper like this again. We might even make some orange-crate chairs for you to cover with real paint like Daddy's—that is, if you remember to tell me about wanting to paint."

## *The Black Stag of Dairy Fork*

*Marvin Jones*

Black as the pines that sough upon the dalles,
Hard as the craggy granite past the rim
Of timber, living where the cold impels
Its bitterness against the shattered limb,
The greatest stag of Dairy Fork looked down
The well of windless valleys, past the smoke
Of aspens' quivered gold, beyond the crown
Where maple ridges silvered into oak;
Looked past the hunter-mind, immersed in night,
Which iron-fingered clambered webs of air
To reach the rock-gray granite and the light
That pinned the stag's great heart upon a hair
Crossed in a prismed glass . . . . Who can tell
Who had the greater heart—who stood—who fell?

# Homemade Laundry Soap

*Bernice Stookey Linford*

INGREDIENTS:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 | can powdered lye |
| 5 | lbs. fat |
| 4½ | quarts water |

Makes 16 large or 32 small bars

Choose a container large enough so that the soap will not boil over and one that will not be affected by lye. A 5-gallon honey can from which the top has been removed and the edges hammered smooth is ideal. Never use aluminum unless discarded from use in cooking.

DIRECTIONS:

Pour 1½ qts. cold water into the soap cooker. Add one can powdered lye. Stir with a hardwood stick until lye is dissolved. (Lye is so caustic it will dissolve soft wood, leaving splinters in the soap. An old broom handle or dowl bought at a hardware store is excellent for stirring). To the lye water add 5 pounds of rendered or unrendered fat; beef, mutton, deer, elk, horse, or a mixture. Cut the fat in ¾ or 1-inch pieces and cook for 30 minutes, stirring often. If you have no scales, a quart fruit jar filled with fat cut in ¾ or 1-inch pieces equals about one pound. After cooking 30 minutes, measure 3 quarts of warm water, add 1 quart, then add at intervals about 1 cup every ten minutes until remaining 2 quarts have been added during the next hour and a half period. When the soap has cooked for about 2 hours from the time it began to boil it should drop from the soap stick in a heavy sheet like honey and should thread like cake icing. When it forms this test it is done. Let cool overnight in the can, then shred on potato shredder or grind in food grinder so it will dissolve easily in water, or cut and dry in bars.

*BE VERY CAREFUL TO DESTROY LYE CANS AT ONCE* so no small child or animal can touch them. Little children have been made blind or severely burned by touching lye. During cooking soap must be watched constantly so heat can be regulated. It boils over very easily and will cause severe skin burns or destroy linoleum. Strong vinegar applied to skin or hands or linoleum, if soap should boil over, will partially counteract its effect.

If you use melted fat for soap, use 5 full pints. Cook, following directions for solid fat.

The fresher the fat the whiter and sweeter smelling the soap. Rancid fat makes brown, strong smelling soap, but it can be used satisfactorily for laundry and cleaning purposes.

Pork cracklings can be used for making soap, but they are more tissue than fat and are very valuable for food. Try adding a few to deer or elk steak when frying, to dressing when stuffing fowl or wild game, or add some to scalloped or fried potatoes. They are delicious added to cooked cabbage, beets, etc. One cupful added to carrot steamed pudding or to your raisin bread or oatmeal cookies or even to mincemeat will add a nutty flavor in addition to the fat.

If you use cracklings for soap it will require about 8 pounds, depending on how much of the fat has been removed while cooking the cracklings, instead of 5 pounds of unrendered suet. It may be necessary to add a little more water also.

# Teamwork Versus Slavery

*Alice Whitson Norton*

FAMILIES that work together, play together, and pray together, will stay together, is an old but decidedly true saying, because you will find families working together, playing together, and praying together are always so vitally interested in the same things that they feel no particular need of breaking away from the pleasant existence they live in for a trial of something else.

Mothers, in almost every instance, have a great deal to do with the program of living indulged in by the family circle, and it is the foresighted mother who teamworks with her family instead of slaving her life away for them, who provides the greatest amount of good for all concerned.

I'm thinking of two women who live on the same street whose mode of homemaking serves as a good example between teamwork and slavery. Mrs. Barker, mistress of a pretentious house, and known far and wide for her perfect housekeeping, is in reality little less than a slave to her entire family.

Religiously she goes over the entire house every morning with a vacuum cleaner and duster. A mud track on the floor would horrify her! Hence Tommy and Jane, the two youngest members of the family, never think of entering by the front door—oh, no! They are back door personalities, all the time.

Even father and big brother Johnny and sister Ellen, the wage earners of the group, are careful not to bring tracks into the house when they return from work at night, and Betty and Buddy, the high school students, wouldn't think of bringing their friends into the living room. They are basement dwellers.

"But what is a recreation room for if not to keep careless youth out of the living room," says the tired mother, when for some unusual reason the youngsters express a desire to bring their friends into the living room.

Mrs. Barker does the cooking for her family, too, and the dishwashing. Oh, yes, she wouldn't want Ellen to soil her hands! The teenagers are too careless and the youngsters wholly unreliable. Therefore, the minute a meal is over, Mrs. Barker rushes the family off to various parts of the house while she washes, dries, and puts the dishes away.

Sometimes there is an argument from the family who insist on helping, but Mrs. Barker is firm. It's easier, she thinks, to keep things in place by looking after them herself.

YET, when the day is done, this tired, overworked woman, who slaves for her family and her house from dawn until dark, finds herself so tired physically and mentally that she is forced to retire early in order to perform the same duties again the next day. The house, to be sure, is lovely to look at, but there's no time for merrymaking, singing, or group reading in the Barker home. Mother runs it by rule and order. And while the house reflects perfect order it doesn't include laughter,

fun, and gaiety. Consequently, the family, after the evening meal, separate for the evening, each trying to find some way to entertain himself and, finally, slipping up the polished stairs to his immaculate bed with a feeling of incompleteness to the day's ending in both body and mind.

Yet just two blocks down the same street stands a far less pretentious house. In fact, the place was built before Cedar Street became a restricted district of ten-thousand-dollar homes, but it's there, and the Brown family inhabiting it are just an ordinary American family who have grown up on living a useful and happy life together.

Here we find teamwork instead of slavery, on open display. In the morning everybody rises at the same time. Each member of the family has a given task to perform in so many minutes. The tasks over, the family sits down to a good, hearty breakfast together, with sufficient time for family prayers and eating without hurry.

After the breadwinning members of the family have gone for the day, Mrs. Brown assigns her teen-age youngsters various things to do, she, herself helping and overseeing the whole.

Dusk finds this mother ready to receive the returning workers with a smiling face and a grand dinner, where pleasant chatter forms a part of the meal, and laughter a tonic for the digestive powers.

When the meal is over, every member of the family makes a little trip to the kitchen with the soiled dishes he has used. Here again fun mingles with work. Straws are drawn to see who must wash the dishes, who dries, and who puts them away. The remainder of the family lingers around the table—and don't think this little task is laborious—not to the Browns. The dishwashing time is used for rehearsing a familiar hymn they anticipate singing at some festive occasion. Nor does the family disband when the kitchen is tidied up—oh, no, indeed!

The kitchen trio immediately joins the family circle and all proceed to the homey living room of the small house. The radio is turned on for a good musical broadcast or the family joins together in playing some game, singing, or reading, and before they disband for the night, father Brown selects some member of the family to read a chapter from the Book of Books or other scriptures, then the family kneels for a word of prayer.

Teamwork, even in prayer, proves helpful.

## *Twilight Hour*

*Josephine J. Harvey*

This is the hour of purple glory
Before dusk enfolds the day.
When there is time for singing.
All but the little sounds are hushed,
Only the beacons light the way
For distant winging.

# Notes From The Field

*Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

## RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND SINGING MOTHERS

**Photograph submitted by Mima C. Hainsworth**

### PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), EUGENE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY WINS TABLE SETTING CONTEST, May 1950

Left to right: Mildred Wright and Miriam Lee, acting hostesses.

This table setting contest was conducted by one of the leading jewelry stores in Eugene, and several women's organizations participated. Vivian P. Cowley is president of Eugene Ward Relief Society, and Mildred Wright and Lavaun Holton were in charge of the Relief Society table.

Mima C. Hainsworth is president of Portland Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Erma M. Dixon

EAST MILL CREEK STAKE (UTAH), WILFORD WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary Ora H. Peterson; President Fay B. Slade; work director counselor Grace H. Kimball.

Erma M. Dixon is president of East Mill Creek Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lucy T. Andersen

NORTHERN STATES MISSION, SPRINGFIELD (ILLINOIS) BRANCH WORK MEETING AND SOCIAL, July 13, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Henrietta Albright; Barbara Canady; Karen Bradley; Ethel Eglin; Marie Fehrholz; Fleta Himmelsbauch.

Second row, standing, left to right: Helen Brackett; Francis Canady; Eva Hart; Virginia Heil; work meeting leader Florence Heinen; President Mary S. Stewart; Second Counselor Florence Dale; Mabel Orme.

Back row, standing, left to right: First Counselor Johanna Meissner; Helen Mills; Eula Kelly.

This social celebrated the completion of the first "quilted" quilt made by this society. It was the first time most of the sisters had ever quilted. The finished quilt was presented to Lucy T. Andersen, President, Northern States Mission Relief Society, for use in the cottage at Carthage Jail.

Photograph submitted by Della H. Teeter

## DENVER STAKE, LARAMIE (WYOMING) WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Geneva Stevens; Helen Lewis; Second Counselor Rose Eads; Bernice Frost; Phyllis Leishman; President Pearl S. Black.

Back row, left to right: director Roma Jean Stock; Jacqueline Williams; Lois Rollins; Ida Mae Smith; Amy Willis; First Counselor Frieda Nottage; Margaret Williams; Chloe B. Peterson; Lucille Craven; Geniveve Bell; Valear Jensen; Pauline Brenting; organist Hortense Burton.

These women traveled more than one hundred twenty-five miles to sing at the stake conference, They also furnished a musical program once a week for four months on the radio in Laramie, as well as giving many fine musicals in their own ward.

Della H. Teeter is president of Denver Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

## NEBO STAKE (UTAH), PAYSON FIRST WARD SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE

Front row, left to right: Daisy Francom; chorister Mary Wyler; accompanist Viva Allen; Allene Christensen; Ruth Miller; Ella Money; Tillie Haskell; Lucille Drollinger; Ricka Wyler, president of the chorus.

Back row, left to right: Vanetta Argyle; Flora Bissell; Jennie Elmer, President, Payson First Ward Relief Society; Charlotte King; Jennie Flanders; Eva Garner; Clea Crump; Hazel Gasser.

Lucille H. Spencer is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vida D. Brinton

MARICOPA STAKE (ARIZONA) RELIEF SOCIETY LUNCHEON IN HONOR OF WARD AND STAKE OFFICERS AND FORMER STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS, May 11, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Second Counselor Vivian Gardner; First Counselor Clara Robson; President Vida D. Brinton; former president Fanna Dana; Bertha Kleinman; May R. Driggs; former president Ethel Payne.

Back row, standing, left to right, stake board members: Nellie Merrill; Jessie Huber; Evalyn Bunker; Lucetta Wagstaff; Iona Leigh; Lillian Peterson; former president Clara Goodman; Ezell Bond; Jean Lesueur; Secretary Lola Turly; Beatrice Miller.

Especially honored on this occasion were Sister Bertha Kleinman, well-known and gifted poet, and Sister Ethel Payne, matron of the Arizona Temple.

Photograph submitted by Lola M. Shumway

PHOENIX STAKE (ARIZONA), YAQUI INDIAN RELIEF SOCIETY QUILT-MAKING PROJECT, May 15, 1950

Extreme left, seated at the table in the rear: Louisa Matus and Ruth Matus.
Standing at the left, holding their babies, Ethel Hernandez and Eleanor Vacaneri.

Standing at the left, holding the quilt: Jessie Waters, and next to her, is her daughter Gertrude Osif, holding her little daughter.

Standing at the right, holding the quilt: Felipa Compoy and Lucille Hernandez.

Standing at the extreme right: Enrequeta Leon.

Standing in the rear, stake board members: Jennie Engstrum; Hazel Nelson; Julia Butler; Lola M. Shumway, President, Phoenix Stake Relief Society.

Kneeling, in foreground, three girls who made the skirts they are wearing in Relief Society work meeting: Faye Hernandez; Lydia Altameran; Louisa Uriarti. Enrequeta Leon (standing at the extreme right) also made the skirt she is wearing.

Sister Shumway reports that the attendance at the meetings of this Relief Society varies from six to thirty women, with fifteen being the average attendance. The quilts shown in the photograph were finished and presented to the members of the society at the Mother's Day program, May 15, 1950.

Photograph submitted by Lileth Peck

## LEHI STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE STAKE IN 1928 TO 1950

Front row, left to right: Mina Evans Webb, first president; Della Goates Fox, second president.

Back row, left to right: Lileth Peterson Peck, present president; Ethel Southwick Hunger, third president.

This photograph was taken to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the settlement of Lehi in 1850.

Photograph submitted by Amelia P. Gardner

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, LIVERMORE BRANCH BAZAAR
April 22, 1950

Left to right: Ann Wardell; President Grace Hudson; Secretary-Treasurer Clifta Engberson; Laura Creager; First Counselor Della McLaughlin; Ora Lee Thompson.

This photograph shows only a part of the beautiful displays at this bazaar. Among the other booths included were cooked foods and a fish pond. There are only nine members in this branch, and yet the handicraft and other articles prepared for the bazaar were outstanding in beauty of design and quality of workmanship. Amelia P. Gardner, President, Northern California Mission Relief Society, reports: "These sisters are doing excellent work. They truly have the spirit of the gospel in all their meetings."

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## RECIPE FOR CORNED BEEF

*Christine Eaton*

10 lbs. brisket or rump
¼ cup warm water (for dissolving saltpeter)
4 qts. water
½ tsp. saltpeter
2 cups salt (not iodized)
¼ cup sugar
3 cloves garlic (if desired)
1 tsp. paprika
1 tbsp. mixed spices

Dissolve saltpeter in ¼ cup warm water, add salt to cold water, mix with rest of ingredients, and place in a 3-gallon stone jar, add meat, cover with plate, and weight down with a stone. Leave in brine 21 days, turning meat occasionally.

Take out of brine and cover with cold water, boil slowly for about 3 or 4 hours, or until done. If unable to use this entire recipe at once, the extra beef may be sealed with broth in sterilized jars.

# "Poor Little Rosalee"

(Continued from page 741)

been willing, of course, but—" she faltered, and looked imploringly at Alta.

"It's about all any of us can do to look after our own," said Alta crisply, determined color flying in her cheeks. "Of course, in a case of emergency, it's different, but we feel that your emergency is over, Rosalee."

Rosalee said nothing. Her attention seemed withdrawn, as if her own thoughts demanded all of it.

Minerva said, "It's too much for Alta to do your washing for you any longer, Rosalee. She has three girls in school, and they have so many things in the wash every week."

From the bemused expression on her face, it was plain to see that Rosalee was only half listening.

"Don't you think you could do your own washing now, and your ironing?" demanded Alta, abruptly.

The question startled Rosalee into answering.

"Why, I don't know. Maybe I could. But of course, I never have done it, all by myself."

"Then it's about time you began," suggested Alta.

"What we mean, dear, is that from now on, you'll have to manage by yourself. We were glad to help you out when you needed us, but you don't need us any longer." Minerva leaned back in her chair with the air of one who had put the thing into a nutshell at last.

Rosalee sprang to her feet. Her heels tapped quickly to the door, where she paused, and faced them. "Really, I guess it has been hard on everyone. And I do appreciate all you've done. But if it hadn't been for Orvie, I just don't know how I'd have stood it. He's been so kind, and considerate. He's taking me to dinner and a show tonight." She glanced uncertainly toward the sand pile where the little boys were playing. "I guess we could take the boys with us."

"Oh, no, go ahead. That's all right," began Alta, but Rosalee was already half way down the path, waving goodbye to her boys.

"Orvie!" exploded Minerva.

"After all the rest of us have done!"

"After what he said in the first place!"

Their indignation melted suddenly into weak laughter.

Presently, Minerva said, "It's funny none of us noticed it. And, in a way, it will be the best thing for her. Best thing for Orvie, too. You know that it's the first time in all his life he's ever put himself out for anyone."

When the heat of the following day had cooled into dusk, Alta and Minerva rested on their adjacent front porches. From Minerva's basement came the sound of hammering. Herb was building her fruit shelves. Will Bowman could be seen nailing shingles onto Alta's back porch. He had been at it ever since supper. And Mrs. Simpkins had phoned that her kitchen cabinets were being painted; goodness knows, they needed it. The two women rocked in companionable silence. Presently, Orvie and Rosalee drove slowly by in his car. The two little boys waved from the back seat.

# LESSON DEPARTMENT

## *Theology*—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

### Lesson 29—"The Apostolic Ministry"

*Elder Don B. Colton*

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 38.)

For Tuesday, February 6, 1951

Objective: To demonstrate that when authorized, and filled with the Holy Ghost, the servants of the Lord carry on his work as he did while upon earth.

*Matthias Ordained to the Apostleship*

EVEN the apostles who were called and ordained by Jesus (John 15:16) were not to start on their missions until they were "endued with power from on high." While they were waiting they met frequently in worship and prayer. Mary, the mother of the Lord, and other faithful women met with them. They knew that Jesus had been resurrected and that immediately after many other righteous ones had come out of their graves and appeared to many in Jerusalem. The universality of the resurrection was soon to become a prominent teaching of the apostles.

The first official act of the apostles was the filling of the vacancy in the council, occasioned by the death of Judas Iscariot. Peter, the presiding officer, presented the matter to a meeting of the Church. He urged that from those who had "companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John, unto that same day that he was taken up from us, must one be ordained to be a witness with us of his resurrection." The apostles nominated two faithful, competent men, Joseph Barsabas and Matthias. After earnest prayer, they cast lots and Matthias was chosen. The lesson is easily seen. The authority was vested in the apostles and they discharged their responsibility in leading the Church. In filling the vacancy in the Council of Twelve, the apostles nominated, but the Church was given a voice before the installation became complete. The authority was exercised in love. The same order was followed a short time later when seven men were called for a special work; they were set apart by the laying on of the apostles' hands.

*The Bestowal of the Holy Ghost*

About nine days after the ascension of the Savior, the apostles were holding their usual devotion. It was at the time of the Pentecost, also known as the "Feast of Weeks" (Read Ex. 34:22; Deut. 16-10).

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance (Acts 2:2-4).

It was the promised baptism by fire and the Holy Ghost. Soon a multitude gathered, attracted by the sound "as of a rushing mighty wind." The apostles then began to speak as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance. A great miracle was wrought. People were gathered there from many lands and yet they heard, every man in his own tongue.

In answer to a question as to whether the Holy Ghost was received by the apostles at or before Pentecost, a statement was published by the First Presidency of the Church on February 5, 1916, from which statement the following excerpts are taken:

The answer to this question depends upon what is meant by "receiving" the Holy Ghost.

If reference is made to the promise of Jesus to His Apostles about the endowment or gift of the Holy Ghost by the presence and ministration of the "personage of Spirit," called the Holy Ghost by revelation (D. & C. 130:22), then the answer is, it was not until the day of Pentecost that the promise was fulfilled. But the divine essence called the Spirit of God, or Holy Spirit, or Holy Ghost, by which God created or organized all things, and by which the prophets wrote and spoke, was bestowed in former ages, and inspired the apostles in their ministry long before the day of Pentecost. . . . We read that Jesus, after his resurrection, breathed upon his disciples and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." But we also read that He said, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (John 20:22; Luke 24:40.) We read further: "For the Holy Ghost was not yet given; because that Jesus was not yet glorified" (John 7:39). Thus the promise was made, but the fulfilment came after, so that the Holy Ghost sent by Jesus from the Father did not come in person until the day of Pentecost, and the cloven tongues of fire were the sign of His coming (note 7, page 720 of the text).

Satan immediately began his work. Men began saying the apostles were drunk. Peter denied this charge vigorously and called attention to the time. It was only the third hour of the day and the Jews refrained from drinking until after the hour of the morning service in the synagogue. Peter continued to speak and delivered a great sermon in defense of the Christ. He also called attention to the lives the saints were leading. Selfishness had ceased among them. They had all things in common. The Holy Ghost had made of Peter a mighty man of faith in Jesus Christ. He quailed not now but boldly declared they had crucified the Lord. Read the first three chapters of Acts. Many were pricked in their hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost and cried out: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Peter's answer was direct and powerful: "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts 2:37-38). About three thousand souls were added to the Church that day.

Not only did Peter speak with power, but he exercised the powers of his Priesthood in righteousness. To the lame beggar at the temple

gate, he said: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk" (Acts 3:6). The man was healed and joined the apostles in the temple praising God.

At the conclusion of the day, the rulers of the Jews arrested Peter and John and put them in prison. But again the next day these two worthy men, when brought before the rulers, fearlessly told the assembled group that the rulers had crucified their Redeemer and Peter said unto them, speaking of Christ: "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). (See also B. of M., Mosiah 3:17.) The high priest and other rulers were learning, to their sorrow, that they had not destroyed the Savior's work by crucifying him. Peter and John defied their threats and continued to preach the word.

The Church grew rapidly in numbers and good works. Signs followed the believers. So great was their faith that people laid their sick on couches in the streets, "that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them" (Acts 5:15).

Again the apostles were arrested and thrown into the common prison. That night an angel opened the prison doors and bade them go to the temple and continue their preaching. They were so engaged the next morning when the Sanhedrin convened to try them. The officers sent to bring them from their cell reported: "The prison truly found we shut with all safety, and the keepers standing without before the doors: but when we had opened, we found no man within."

Learning that the apostles were preaching near the temple, the officers went and brought them before the high priest and his associates. These rulers said:

> Behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's [Jesus] blood upon us. Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, We ought to obey God rather than men. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. And we are his witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey him (Acts 5:28-32).

The chief priests, scribes, and elders were utterly confounded. They feared the people, but secretly counseled together as to how they might put the apostles to death. Gamaliel, a wise man, advised them to let the brethren alone. He counseled that "if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God" (Acts 5:38-39). For the time the apostles were discharged, after they had been beaten. However, they continued their ministry both by preaching and by going from house to house. It is interesting to note that many priests were converted and joined the Church.

*Stephen the Martyr; His Vision of the Lord*

No one can read the brief account of the life of Stephen without great-

ly admiring him (Acts 6:5-15). He was chosen with six others to perform certain duties, among them to administer the church-community store. He was also fearless and able in teaching the gospel. He especially confounded some foreign Jews in a debate and they had him charged with blasphemy and heresy. When he was brought before the courts, suborned witnesses testified that they had "heard him speak blasphemous words against Moses, and against God." They also accused him of declaring that Jesus of Nazareth would some day destroy the temple and do away with the rites and ceremonies instituted by Moses. We may rest assured Stephen had told them the truth and that the law of Moses had been fulfilled in Christ. He did not speak in his own defense, but he spoke to his judges. (Read Acts 7:2-60.)

Stephen saw before he died the Savior standing on the right hand of the Father. His was the first recorded vision of the Savior after the ascension. Note the sublimity of his closing words: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The writer of the Acts then adds: "And when he had said this, he fell asleep." It was a cruel martyrdom. He had no trial and, no doubt, his blood will be upon the heads of those who did the foul deed, although "the blood of Stephen the martyr proved to be rich and virile seed, from which sprang a great harvest of souls." Probably Saul's first real contact with the Christians personally was through disputations with Stephen.

*Christ Manifests Himself to Saul of Tarsus, Later Known as Paul the Apostle*

One of the great missionaries of all times was the apostle Paul. He was a Jew and known early in life as Saul of Tarsus. Though a native of Tarsus, when he was fifteen he went to Jerusalem. He was a strict Pharisee. He was bitter against the Church of Christ and personally consented to the stoning of Stephen. Through his efforts many of the members were put in prison and many fled from their homes. He secured letters from the high priest authorizing him to arrest members of the Church at Damascus and bring them to Jerusalem for trial.

On this journey at noonday, there suddenly appeared a dazzling light which enveloped Saul's entire party. He heard a voice saying: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" To his question: "Who art thou, Lord?" the Lord responded: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Saul immediately recognized his position. He had been honestly mistaken. Now, truly repentant, he asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That is the cry of a truly repentant soul. The Lord directed him to go to one of the faithful members in Damascus. He remained totally blind for three days. During that time, he neither ate nor drank. In the meantime, the Lord instructed Ananias, one of his faithful servants, to visit Saul and bless him that he might be healed. Ananias demurred and reminded the Lord that Saul was a bitter persecutor of the Church. The Lord replied: "Go thy way:

for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." When Ananias laid his hands upon Saul, the latter's eyesight was restored. Here is another case where a truly penitent man was promised he would be filled with the Holy Ghost. Saul was baptized. He immediately commenced his great missionary labors by testifying in the synagogues that Jesus is the Son of God. (Read Acts 9:1-20.)

It was necessary for Barnabas, a trusted disciple at Jerusalem, to vouch for Saul's integrity before he was received into fellowship. He had been such an enemy to the Church that naturally the members were suspicious of him. He was later ordained to be an apostle under the hands of the apostles. Saul's name was later changed to Paul—the Latin rendering. He fully paid the debt of his early mistakes by becoming one of the Lord's great representatives—the apostle to the gentiles.

Paul was a Roman citizen and, when necessary, he claimed the rights and exemptions attaching to that honor. Of course, in this lesson we cannot follow this great apostle through all his ministry. He was a personal witness of the Lord Jesus. He says: ". . . while I prayed in the temple, I was in a trance; and saw him saying unto me, Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning me." (For the full conversation, see Acts 22:17-21.) Once afterwards, while Paul was a prisoner in Rome, the Lord stood before him and said: ". . . Be of good cheer, Paul: for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome" (Acts 23:11). The personal testimony is more impressive. Paul saw the Lord and could so testify. He bore his testimony also to the Corinthian saints when he told them that the Savior had been seen of "above five hundred brethren" at one time. (Read I Cor. 15:3-9.)

*Close of the Apostolic Ministry—The Revelation Through John*

No definite date has been fixed when the last apostle chosen in Christ's dispensation ceased to minister unto the people. John, the Beloved, was evidently the last. Paul declares about thirty years after the ascension that the gospel had been carried to every nation. His words are: "Preached to every creature which is under heaven" (Col. 1:23, also verse 6). This probably means the world known to Paul. However, Eusebius, a writer of the fourth century, says: "Thus, then, under a celestial influence and cooperation, the doctrine of the Savior, like the rays of the sun, quickly irradiated the whole world." There is no doubt that, under the inspired apostles and those who assisted them, the message of the gospel was taken rapidly to the known world. Branches of the Church were organized in many of the cities and towns. Those ancient worthies were wonderful messengers for the risen Lord.

So far as the record shows, the last or final personal appearance in

that dispensation was to John on the Isle of Patmos. John had probably been banished "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ" (Rev. 1:9). Sometimes critics mistakenly quote John 1:18 in proof of a false claim that man has not seen God:

> For no man has seen God at any time in the flesh, except quickened by the Spirit of God. Neither can any natural man abide the presence of God, neither after the carnal mind (D. & C. 67:11-12.)

It is interesting and fortunate to note that John later on Patmos saw the Lord and gave a detailed description of him. (Read Rev. 1:10-20.) Jesus said: ". . . he that hath seen me hath seen the Father . . ." (John 14:9). In addition to the instances cited in this lesson, many cases may be cited from scripture wherein God was seen by man. No sinful man can see God. Good men, when filled with the Holy Ghost, can and may see him whenever he so wills it. Because there was a long period of apostasy upon the earth and man had changed the pure gospel of Christ, is no reason that the Lord does not live. He does live, an actual corporeal being. He has been seen in this dispensation of the fulness of times.

### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Even though the apostles had been ordained by Jesus, what was necessary before they could commence their ministry?
2. How was the vacancy in the Council of Twelve filled?
3. Discuss the events which occurred on the day of Pentecost.
4. Relate the brief biography of Stephen.
5. Give an account of Paul's conversion and of his life in the ministry.

### *References in the Gospels*

Matt. 5:34, 35; 21:42; 23:22; 24:4, 5, 10-13, 23-26; 27:25, 52, 53.
Luke 24:49, 52, 53.
John 13:18.
See also Acts 1:12-26; 2:1-46; 3:6; 4:1-37; 5:12-40; 6:1-15; 7:22:3.

## *More Than Tolerance*

*Caroline Eyring Miner*

WE speak much of tolerance as if it were the great virtue, but it does not go far enough. Who wants to be tolerated, just put up with?

Jesus did not say "Tolerate your neighbor," but instead he said, "Love your neighbors." Each person wants to be loved and appreciated and enjoyed for what he is and for what he can do for his friends and his neighbors.

# *Visiting Teacher Messages*—Our Savior Speaks

## Lesson 13—"Forgive, and Ye Shall Be Forgiven" (Luke 6:37).

*Mary Grant Judd*

For Tuesday, February 6, 1951

Objective: To define what constitutes true forgiveness and to point out why forgiveness has a two-fold aspect.

IT would appear that in no circumstances did the Christ show his divine superiority to mortal man more than in his ability to forgive. In his hour of great anguish he prayed for his persecutors, "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."

It was the poet Alexander Pope who said, "To err is human, to forgive, divine." Perhaps it is because we are so human that we find it difficult to forgive as completely as our Savior would have us do. "Love your enemies," he counsels us, "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you, That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 5:44-45).

There may be instances where Jesus told us to forgive without adding that in like manner could we expect forgiveness, but the writer has been unable to discover any such passages. Consider these typical verses from the incomparable Sermon on the Mount. After praying, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," Christ gave this promise:

> If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses (Matt. 6:14-15).

It is logical that the injunction to "forgive" was combined with the promise "and ye shall be forgiven," for "God's cleansing power cannot flow through an unforgiving heart." No one knows our own human frailties as well as we ourselves. It is in realizing our individual shortcomings that we become tolerant of the shortcomings of others. Our Savior ever tells us to take heed to ourselves, to be as conscious of the beam in our own eye as of the mote in our neighbor's.

A wise philosopher once said, "The remedy for wrongs is to forget them." There is no more damaging influence to our personalities than to fail to erase from our minds the memory of wrongs done to us by others. Sometimes in retaining a hurtful, resentful recollection from the past, we may even blot out some beautiful experiences of the present.

John Sutherland Bonnell points out:

> There is not one of us who will not be hurt by life and by people. We all have legitimate grievances. We can all recall unkindnesses that we have not provoked, occasions when our good was

repaid by evil and our generosity by baseness. The important thing is not that these form a part of our experiences of life. What matters is what we do about them. If we treasure these things up in our memories, we do it at disastrous cost to ourselves.

All of which reminds one of the saying of President Grant, "It isn't the initial expense of the grudge that matters, it's the upkeep that is so costly."

In conclusion, consider the loving counsel given by the apostle Paul to the Ephesians, "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Eph. 4:32).

# *Work Meeting*—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

## Lesson 5—Choosing Appropriate Floor Coverings

*Christine H. Robinson*

For Tuesday, February 13, 1951

A fundamental part of successful home decorating has to do with the selection of suitable floor coverings. As the foundation of a room, floors often set the pattern for the entire decorative scheme. Floor coverings help to determine the general spirit and personality of a room, they tie in its color scheme, and do much to help establish a suitable foundation upon which a room's furnishings can be harmoniously dramatized. The right floor covering can make a new house look homey, friendly, and gracious. Furthermore, well-chosen carpets can make an old home take on a new and refreshing appearance.

In general floor coverings may be classified into two main groups: *first*, hard-surfaced floor materials, which include brick, wood, cement, linoleum, plastic, cork, rubber, asphalt, or ceramic tile; *second*, soft floor coverings, which are rugs or carpets, made of wool, cotton, rayon, nylon, fiber, or flax.

Hard-surfaced floor coverings are both practical and decorative. These floors are usually resistant to sun, grease, and water, and are easy to clean and maintain. Composition floors, consisting of linoleum, cork, plastic, rubber, and asphalt tile, are available in an increasing variety of unusual colors and designs. With a little imagination and ingenuity, many interesting effects can be achieved with this type of floor coverings. Linoleum, for example, can be laid with an infinite variety of decorative designs and insets. The various types of tile can be worked into many kinds of stylized blocks and patterns. Hard-surfaced floor coverings, when thoughtfully selected, make harmonious settings for modern, traditional, or contemporary type decorating.

Soft floor coverings, or those made of textiles, provide, of course, the more luxurious and glamorous materials for floor decorating.

Carpet weaving is one of man's oldest cultural attainments, dating far back into man's early history. We read of the extensive use of woven carpets in Biblical days. For example, it is said that the Queen of Sheba, to gain favor, laid rare rugs before King Solomon. But in those centuries rugs were only for the palaces of rich rulers and kings. Today, thanks to the power looms, the improved dyeing methods, new materials, and artistry in design, beautiful and durable colors and styles of carpeting are within the reach of the great majority of homes.

In the selection of suitable rugs and carpets, both size and type are essential factors to keep in mind. The size of a rug has an important bearing upon the over-all decorative effect of the room. Wall-to-wall carpeting creates a restful, unbroken line and makes a small room appear more spacious. If, however, a rug is preferred, it should extend to within six or twelve inches from the wall. An under-sized rug, more than any other single element, can tend to make a room look smaller and give it a "cut-up" appearance. If a rug is to be the central floor covering, it should be of sufficient size to cover the floor and not of a "postage stamp" size. Scatter rugs, however, can be used effectively on either hard-surfaced or solid color carpeted floors. These small rugs are used extensively in today's decorating, not only for functional purposes, but also to dramatize points of interest in a room. Scatter rugs can be used to tie in a room's color scheme, to call attention to an interesting area of the room, to dramatize a specific piece of furniture or group setting, or to break up a large expanse of floor. When used with a furniture grouping, scatter rugs should be large enough to tie the group together, and should never be placed by themselves, as an "island on a sea of floor." In placing scatter rugs on the floor, one rule which should be remembered is to be sure they are set parallel to the walls and not obliquely or at distracting angles.

In choosing the type of carpet, be sure it expresses the general spirit or character of the room. For example, braided and rag rugs, with their rough textures and coloring, add charm and authenticity to informal type furnishings. These rugs look well in early American, provincial, and cottage type homes, or they may be used, for special effect, in breakfast rooms, bedrooms, or halls.

Looped, tufted, and shaggy cotton rugs come in a variety of interesting new types and colors. Now that texture is so important in decorating, these cotton rugs are both smart and in high style. They have the further advantage of easy launderability. With a family of young children, these rugs are particularly fine as they combine the luxurious beauty of delicate pastels or bright clear colors with the advantages of simple upkeep and care. Tufted cotton rugs look well in informal settings or modern type rooms.

Hooked rugs blend well with colonial and eighteenth century rooms. These rugs, due to their warm colors and patterns, create a friendly, cosy feeling. They are particularly effective when used as scatter rugs.

Broadloom carpeting is available in a variety of weaves and textures and goes well with modern, traditional, or contemporary decorating.

In choosing any rug type, inspect carefully the pile of the rug before you make a purchase. The more closely it is woven and and the deeper the pile, the more service it will give. Also, be sure the pile is made of pre-dyed yarn so it will not fade in color. Look closely at the back to see if sizing has been used to give an impression of full body. Well-woven rugs do not need extra sizing.

With the wide variety of interesting floor coverings now available, the selection of the right color is particularly challenging. A well-known guide which many have followed is to select a floor covering a bit darker than the walls, which in turn are darker than the ceiling. Although this is always a safe and pleasing way to decorate, still many dramatic effects can be produced by violating this rule. For example, a striking effect can be achieved by having the floors dominate the room's color scheme. This can be accomplished by using very dark, very light, very bright, or bold patterns on the floor. If such a striking floor covering is used, everything else in the room should be subdued. When a patterned floor covering is used, plain-colored walls and solid-colored fabrics are best. If, on the other hand, a room has a plain-colored carpet, or other floor covering, pattern can and should be introduced into the room in either wallpaper, upholstery, or draperies.

In any case, when selecting floor covering colors, harmonize the decorative effect by repeating the color of the carpeting or other floor covering in various applications throughout the room. For example, if the floors are green, a green slip-covered or upholstered sofa, together with a green lamp, and a picture which has green predominating, will add harmony and unity to a room.

In choosing colors for rugs and carpets, remember that light-colored and textured carpets show less traffic wear, lint, and dust. Furthermore, they are easily adapted to changes in room color schemes, they blend beautifully with either light or dark colored walls, and flatter today's furniture woods.

To summarize, your floor coverings are important. They should tie in and dramatize your room's furnishings, thus helping to create an attractive, harmonious, and livable home.

### *Discussion Points*

1. Discuss how to lengthen the life of your rugs and carpets by dependable cleaning methods. Why is it hard on scatter rugs to shake or beat them? How is it best to protect rugs from moths?

2. Give some practical hints on the care and protection of wood, linoleum, and asphalt and rubber tile floors.

3. Discuss the various uses of scatter rugs in the home.

4. Illustrate how floor coverings can be used to tie in a room's color scheme.

5. Why is it usually inadvisable to use patterned fabrics in the same room with patterned floor covering?

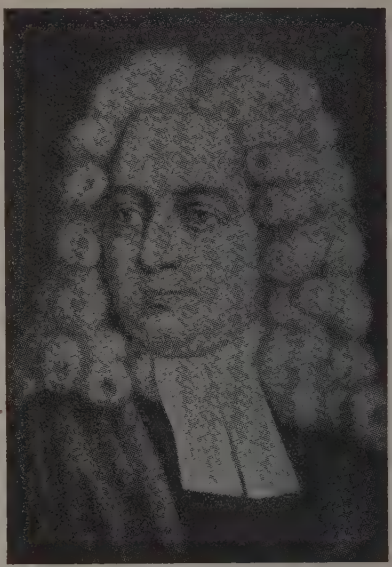
# *Literature*—The Literature of England

## Lesson 13—Jonathan Swift

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

For Tuesday, February 20, 1951

INASMUCH as all of us were once children, we know Jonathan Swift. Like other masterpieces, his *Gulliver's Travels* speaks compellingly to children even too young to read, as well as to the keenest, most mature minds. Yet it is an irony as real as Swift's own ironical existence that, for more than two hundred years, only the first of Gulliver's four voyages has been loved and kept alive, and almost solely by children. Rarely has the book in its entirety been recognized, outside the advanced classroom, for what it really is: perhaps the greatest, most powerful satire on the weaknesses of humanity ever written. Nor often is Swift acknowledged as the most powerful figure to be produced by the Neo-Classical Age in England, and one of the fiercest, most intense, yet one of the most tender men who ever lived and wrote.



JONATHAN SWIFT

As a vital preliminary to our brief study of Swift, we must at least sketch in rough outline the events of his life (review text, pp. 721-733, 741-752-3, 910-912). Born in Dublin in 1667, to a widowed, penniless mother who early left him with his wealthy uncle, Swift came to hate his dependence upon relatives. After being discharged from college for refusing to study logic, he became secretary to Sir William Temple, a retired English gentleman with literary and political interests. For more than a decade he chafed under the realization that he was another's servant, and Sir William did not at all understand him. During this period, however, he learned much about the affairs of the world, and from his many hours in Temple's excellent library he derived his true education. Here he became tutor to Esther Johnson, a girl far younger than he, whom he loved devotedly until she died in 1728, although there is no positive proof that she ever became his wife. It was she and her older companion, Mrs. Dingley, who received from Swift the intimate, tender letters

which have come to be known as *Journal to Stella* (text, page 970), written from 1710 to 1713 while he, the most powerful man in England, was writing Tory political pamphlets in London.

Upon Sir William's death, Swift entered the priesthood of the Anglican Church as the surest path to political power. When, in 1704, he published *A Tale of a Tub* (text, page 915), a satire which pointed out the shallowness and bickering in contemporary religions, Queen Anne became angered. He was made Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin; she vowed he would never become Bishop. When the Tories soon lost power, his political, as well as his religious future, were ruined.

Throughout his mature years he lived in Dublin, with frequent trips to London to seek a better situation. When, in 1724, England planned to take what he felt to be undue advantage of her Irish colony by authorizing an inferior coinage of money, Swift correctly surmised what was in the hearts of the Irish people and wrote the *Drapier Letters* against such a move, rousing the Irish to such fury that the English decided against issuing the coinage. Already, in 1720, Swift had suggested a universal boycott of English goods, so that no longer could she prosper on profits from Irishmen who, individually and as a nation, were often near starvation. Again he defended what he felt to be the rapacious exploitation of his countrymen when, in 1729, he published "*A Modest Proposal*" (text, page 961), a most perfect, savage satire on England's refusal to acknowledge or bring to an end the human suffering in Ireland.

From his middle years Swift had been subject to dizziness. Increasingly he suffered physical and mental pain, and, in the last years of his life, he lost command of his faculties, both physical and mental. He died in 1745, and was buried in St. Patrick's beside his Stella. At last, in the words on his tombstone, he was where "savage indignation can no longer tear the heart."

One of Swift's first literary ventures was a poem which he submitted to John Dryden. Recognizing its poetic weaknesses, Dryden told him, "My dear cousin, you'll never be a poet." Therefore, he turned at once to perfecting his prose style, and came very near doing so, but in a manner directly opposed to the scholarly ornamentation, the balanced form, and the polished, elegant phrasing used by his friend Addison. He defined style simply as "proper words in proper places."

A successful preacher of homely, practical sermons, Swift advised his fellow ministers to avoid the "moving manner of preaching" meant to work on the passions, since such devices were used only by fanatical or enthusiastic sects; further, he said:

> . . . a divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom which he can not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. Shun the quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences, commonly without either propriety or meaning.

His own prose exemplified how magnificently he practiced what he

preached. His pages are condensed, saturated with meaning. Each word, each phrase makes its vital contribution to the progress of the thought being presented. With no ornament or distracting obscurities, his lines are clear and packed with intense energy of intellectual power. His style is so excellent because it is bone and meat—never fat. Nor does the style call attention to itself; rather it is skillfully used as a tool with which his passionately sincere, brilliant mind thinks. As someone has said, "Swift used language to talk with, not to play with." Consider, for example, the concentration and smoothness of the following: "The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head." The same pithy exactness is observable in his "*Thoughts on Various Subjects*" (text, pp. 912-914).

Largely his skill in satire and irony has never been rivalled because of his genius at expressing the recoiled force of his idea in an allegory or symbol which, at first reading, might well appear extremely simple and familiar, even delightfully so. Upon a more thoughtful reading, however, when Swift's deeper intent becomes evident, it leaps and writhes from the page, twice as powerful because, on first acquaintance, it seemed harmless and plain. This device is constantly employed throughout his writings, and with telling effect. We see it delightfully used in "*A Meditation Upon a Broomstick*" (text, page 915), which is nothing more than a short allegory; it constantly appears in "*A Tale of a Tub*" (text, page 915) and in *Gulliver's Travels* (text, page 929).

Before we proceed further, we should define two words vital to the understanding of Swift's method and intent. *Satire* is the use of sarcasm, wit, laughter, irony, or ridicule to poke fun—sometimes extremely bitter fun—at human weakness, with the hope of exposing such weakness and thus improving the lot of mankind. *Irony* is the device of saying precisely the opposite of what actually is meant. If someone who has just been slapped rubs his cheek and says sweetly and slowly, "My, but you are kind," he has exemplified irony. Of the two devices Swift is the supreme master.

Swift not only excelled those of his day in use of words, but, in best stating and conforming to the principles of Neo-Classicism, he also rose above them. In 1697, his twenty-second year, he wrote the *Battle of the Books* to prove the classical authors superior to the moderns. The unifying belief throughout his life was that the "light of reason," or common sense, is always supreme. This being understood, we can see why he so violently distrusted his unreasoning fellow men, since they were led astray by their unreasoning passions in enthusiastic religious sects, in the hate and greed which Swift saw in the political and business realms, and in the sins of the flesh in society and personal life. Because, in science, there was still a strong mixture of hocus-pocus magic and charlatanry, he distrusted it, satirizing it vigorously in Gulliver's third voyage to Laputa, where speculative philosophers ponder how to build a house, beginning with the roof, while one sincere scientist has

been experimenting for eight years in an attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers. Such pedantry he heartily detested.

At first Swift believed in the ideal vision of the world as it could be if men would only allow themselves to be guided by reason rather than by passion. When, through the passing decades, he saw how brutish and cruel the real world is—how black and bottomless a gap separates it from the world it could be—even then Swift refused to admit that it must be so. In unrestrained bitterness he satirized the evils of his contemporary fellow men—in "A Modest Proposal" (text, page 961) and in Gulliver's last voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms, where the "horse-sense" horses were clean, happy, co-operative, while Yahoo man was filthy, evil smelling, and ruled by his animal passions. Yet we must not classify Swift only as a hopeless misanthrope (mis an throp), or hater of mankind. While in his later years he said, "I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth," we must remember that he hated, not mankind itself, but the evil passions which man presistently allowed to rule him. When we read passages which, in their condemnation of man's evils, seem unduly rash, and unnecessarily piercing or vulgar, we should also remember the *Journal to Stella* (text, pp. 970-973). Here he writes to "My Dears" in tones of complete understanding and affection. Here, too, we find such delightfully kittenish passages as the following, in which most gently he reproves Stella for not writing by pretending that he himself has not written; thus he searches for her imagined letter in order to answer it:

> And now let us come and see what this saucy letter of MD [My Dears] says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets, here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is. What says Presto [Swift] to me, pray? says it. Come and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There.

While his later wrath toward mankind became a tremendous condemnation, such a passage lends further insight and understanding to his statement to Pope that "All my love is toward individuals."

For a closer view of the weaknesses of man which he sees fit to condemn, let us examine some of his specific works. "A Tale of a Tub," his most condensed, longer work, is an allegory satirizing the various Christian sects, showing how skilled they had become at twisting the scriptures into saying what each sect found most pleasant and fashionable to believe at the moment: Upon his deathbed, the Father (Christ) leaves his Will (New Testament) to his sons: Peter (Catholic Church), Martin (Luther, the Church of England), and Jack (John Calvin, representing all Protestants). He gives each a plain coat (symbol of Christianity) which will never wear out, and which will change its shape as the body of the wearer changes. He cites his Will as instruction on how to wear the coat; then, telling them to "live together as brethren and friends," he dies. How the brothers, particularly

the learned Peter, re-interpret, rationalize, and finally ignore the Will in their desire to wear upon their coats stylish shoulder-knots, lace, flame-colored linings, silver fringe, and embroidery, become in Swift's hands a merciless satire on what actually had occurred in the various sects. The digression on clothes (pp. 917-918) justly exemplifies Swift's brilliance at satirizing the human weaknesses.

In Part I of *Gulliver's Travels* (text, page 930 ff.), we first find the sober, realistic language of any sailor's journal, which reminds us that Swift originally planned the book as a satire on the huge boastings of contemporary seamen. In his description of the pygmy Lilliputians we feel the imaginative delight he must have enjoyed as he describes these tiny people, and the contrast between their size and that of a man. Soon, however, we begin to see their tiny size as the symbol of their petty, childish poutings and prejudices. Whereas Gulliver is benevolent and helpful, playfully punishing criminals by opening his mouth as if he were to bite off their heads and then freeing them, the arrogant, self-righteous king demands complete obedience from the "Man-mountain," seemingly never realizing that, ironically enough, Gulliver could exterminate them at will. He delightfully parodies royal titles by naming the King, among other names, Mully Ully Gue, and, when Gulliver escapes the plot of his jealous rivals to kill him with poisons, the King summons him to return—the King who (noted for his great kindness) will compromise merely by putting out Gulliver's eyes. The King never doubts Gulliver's returning, since he tells him that if he does not come back, his high royal title of "Nardac" will be taken from him.

He satirizes the political parties of Lilliput by making one party wear low, one high heels, and those who are undecided wear one of each (page 945). Then he tells the petty differences which justified war (hardly different from causes of war in Europe): the "big-enders" break their eggs at the big end; their enemies break their eggs at the small end. He satirizes ambition of princes (947 ff.), jealousy of diplomats, and pride in nationalism and language (page 948), sloppy writing of court ladies, strange burial customs, laws, and criminal codes (pp. 950-951), and states his views on education (page 951). But, when we read that those believing in certain unpopular religions are barred from public office, we realize that he is satirizing actual conditions in England. Relieved at being spared such pettiness, he escapes from Lilliput to Blefuscu, and finally returns to "normality" and civilization.

Swift's ironically tilted "A Modest Proposal" is one of the most vicious satires ever penned. Because of the dire suffering in Ireland, Swift suggests, with straight face and in a most matter-of-fact manner, that year-old babies be sold to more fortunate rich people as a choice food, thus bringing in cash to the poor Irish parents, and, at the same time, limiting the population. After suggesting various ways in which to serve the tasty dish, he points out the many advantages of his plan,

then proves his own complete disinterestedness by pointing out that he can't make a penny: "My youngest child being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing."

Thus Swift wrote as he lived. He feared no man and always met face to face the evil of hypocrisy, shallowness, and indifference to the rights of man, denouncing them with scathing words never equalled for power and penetration. Yet there was always in Swift something of a mystery, almost as if he were at war with himself as well as with his world. He is perhaps our greatest master of English prose, yet he never discussed the niceties of style. Bitterly he hated Ireland; yet he championed her cause and was loved by his fellow Irish. Wherever he detected pettiness or evil, either in a man or in an institution, he attacked with quivering ferocity; yet it always pained him intensely to see human suffering. When he wished it, his writings became filled with the delightful imaginative play which has made *Gulliver's Travels* immortal; yet few lives have been so overwhelmed by loneliness, suffering, and disillusionment.

While such contradictions must remain unresolved, the greatness of the man and his works remains unchallenged. Always we must remember that we cannot escape the clean directness of his style, the bite and penetrating truth of his satire, and the sheer genius of his mind. For these we must be grateful, and value them for what they are.

*Questions for Discussion*

1. How did Jonathan Swift express his attitude toward Ireland? Toward England?
2. What is the *Journal to Stella*?
3. What style of writing and preaching did Swift practice and preach?
4. What is satire? Name some of the values and instructions which Swift satirized.
5. Why would Swift be horrified to know that *Gulliver's Travels* is almost always considered a book for children?

# *Social Science*—The Progress of Man

## Part I—The Lesson of History

### Lesson 4—Ancient Political Despotisms

*Elder Archibald F. Bennett*

(Text: The *Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapter 8.)

For Tuesday, February 27, 1951

Objective: To show how nations of old rebelled against God, turned to wickedness and idolatry, and set up rulers with absolute power who might destroy all religious and political freedom and consider the individual of no worth.

*Records Kept from the Beginning*

THE only reliable source of information in relation to man before the flood is obtained through the holy scriptures. Revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants and in the Pearl of Great Price confirm the story given in Genesis, in the Bible.

Moses wrote the account of creation in the book of Genesis. The Book of Moses in the Pearl of Great Price is a revelation containing the words of the Lord to Moses. This record gives a very clear acount of the beginning.

It is reasonable to believe that Moses had before him records of earlier prophets when he did his writing. We have learned that records were kept from the beginning and were handed down from generation to generation. Abraham declared that the records of the fathers were preserved in his hands and it was his purpose to pass them on to his children after him. It is not known how long they were preserved and their contents known to men, but we do know, from what has come to us by revelation, that authentic records were kept and handed down by writers who were inspired of the Lord. It is from such writings that we obtain the reliable information of ancient times.

*The Lord's Covenant with Noah*

After the flood Noah landed, as history and tradition say, at Mount Ararat, and from there his posterity began to divide and take possession of the earth. From the words of the covenant which the Lord made with Noah, we learn that the Lord would have kept in close touch with the children of Noah, and that the inhabitants of the translated City of Enoch would have been kept in close touch with the righteous upon the earth, if those who were upon the earth had remained faithful. This mingling of the people of Enoch and the descendants of Noah, however, had to be postponed until the days of Christ's second coming, because of the hardness of the hearts of the people and their unwillingness to embrace the truth.

In chapters 10 and 11 of Genesis we have a very brief account of the generations of the sons of Noah and their scattering over the face of the earth. These chapters cover a period of more than four centuries in approximately 1200 words. In this brief period of time families had grown into tribes, tribes into flourishing nations. The sad comment we have to make on this period is that notwithstanding the destruction of the antediluvian world, the lesson of obedience was not learned, and men began again to walk in ways of unrighteousness. There can be no question but that Noah and his sons were just as energetic after the flood in teaching their posterity the way of life as they were before that time. It was not long, however, before these teachings fell on ears that refused to hear, and the monuments existing of the great destruction by the flood were gazed upon by eyes that were blind to all things spiritual.

*The Confounding of Language*

Knowledge of the calamity which had overtaken the world was handed down by instruction and tradition so that the people of later generations were familiar with that important event. It was because of this that they determined to build a tower so high that the Lord could not again destroy them with a like cataclysm, for they would build until they virtually reached the heavens. Such was the feeling of these

peoples in their ignorance and rebellion. They had forgotten that the Lord had promised Noah that never again would he cause such a flood to cover the earth. The scriptures inform us that because of rebellion and wickedness the anger of the Lord was again kindled against mankind. The Almighty, therefore, decreed that he would confound the speech of the people and cause them to be scattered upon the earth.

It was at this time that Jared and his brother pleaded with the Lord to grant them the privilege of retaining their mother tongue, which, we have reason to believe, was the language of Adam. This language had come down, presumably and naturally with some changes, as we learn from the Book of Mormon, and was powerful in oral expression and also in its written form. These Jaredites, as they were called, were selected to make the journey across land and ocean to the Western World.

Other nations which gained the ascendancy and reached power in the early generations after the flood were the nations inhabiting the Tigris-Euphrates Valley and adjacent to the road from there to Palestine and Egypt. Egypt and Chaldea were some eight hundred miles apart in a straight line but the traveled distance between the two sections was much greater. Naturally it was in the more favored section where the earliest civilizations sprang into existence.

*The Patriarchal Order of Government*

From the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price we learn that "the first government of Egypt was established by Pharaoh, the eldest son of Egyptus, the daughter of Ham, and it was after the manner of the government of Ham, which was patriarchal" (Abraham 1:25). This account, of course, does not harmonize with the generally accepted views which are written in the popular histories of our time. The fact that it has come to us with the stamp of divine approval upon it, however, should be the deciding factor in favor of the authenticity of Abraham's account. We read further in the writings of Abraham:

> Pharaoh, being a righteous man, established his kingdom and judged his people wisely and justly all his days, seeking earnestly to imitate that order established by the fathers in the first generations, in the days of the first patriarchal reign, even in the reign of Adam, and also Noah, his father, who blessed him with the blessings of the earth, and with the blessing of wisdom, but cursed him as pertaining to the Priesthood.
>
> Now, Pharaoh, being of that lineage by which he could not have the right of Priesthood, notwithstanding the Pharaohs would fain claim it from Noah, through Ham, therefore my father was led away by their idolatry (Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1:26-27).

From Abraham's account we discover that it was very soon after the flood when Egypt was settled. Evidently Egyptus and her family, and such as were willing to follow, went into northern Africa, a land which we may well believe was set apart by the hand of the Almighty for the descendants of Ham. Egypt was not the only nation, in those early times, which attempted to imitate the patriarchal order of government. We have seen in Abraham's

record that this was the order of government in the reign of Adam, and down to the time of Noah.

Naturally, that form of government would be perpetuated in large degree by all the tribes as they began to spread over the face of the earth. As men multiplied they organized first in the family group, then into tribes, and, eventually, into nations. The greater powers would naturally occupy the most favored spots. Stronger tribes would overcome the weaker and force them to join the national government, or else they would be subdued and treated as slaves, or placed under tribute. As the patriarchal order was handed down from father to son so, also, would the political authority be perpetuated with the same claims to authority. We know that in ancient times in Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, Babylon, Persia, and among all the petty nations of the Mesopotamian Valley and Palestine, the monarch was succeeded by his posterity in hereditary right.

*Absolute and Despotic Rule Established*

The power of the ruler also became absolute so that the lives of the people over whom he ruled were strictly within his hands. He could make and unmake laws. His subjects were in duty bound to obey his every edict. They were without political freedom except as such privileges were granted them by the king. Under such conditions in lands of idolatry and wickedness life must have been filled with constant anxiety and fear. The history of these nations is filled with carnage and bloodshed, intrigue and wickedness. The common people sank into abject misery and bondage. No person knew when he might be accused of some infraction of the law, or when the eye of the priest would be upon him, with the approval of the law, to make of him a sacrifice unto the gods. It was under conditions of this kind, that Abraham found it necessary to move from the land of his nativity and "obtain another place of residence," (Abraham 1:1) among the smaller nations and tribes of Canaan.

Without any doubt the Lord would have continued to bestow the blessings of the gospel and the power of the Priesthood upon all people, except those who were denied the Priesthood by lineage, if they had shown a willingness to continue in their allegiance to him. Under such conditions there would have been but one government, and that the government of God. Such a condition would have resulted in continued peace and happiness. It was because the people refused to hearken to Noah and the later prophets, and turned away to the worship of idols and the practice of all kinds of abominations and iniquity, that the Lord in his wisdom declared that he would call Abraham, a man faithful and obedient to every command, and make of him the head of a special, divinely favored nation.

Never at any time has the Almighty forsaken the people. Whenever the people have shown a willingness to serve him and abide in his covenants they have been divinely led and blessed. It has been but seldom in the history of man-

kind that any considerable portion of the people have been willing to walk in the statutes and judgments of the Lord. From the very beginning his children have been rebellious and unwilling to accept divine commands. Mankind in their selfishness and carnal mindedness have almost always felt that they could govern themselves better by following their own inclinations.

### *Origin of Idol Worship*

Notwithstanding this fact, yet they never have been able to get away from worship. They refused to worship the true and living God, whom they were taught to worship from the beginning, and to walk in the light of divine revelation. Instead, they chose for their worship the forces of nature and set up idols representing such forces because they had to have visible aids to guide them in their religious rites and ceremonies. Some authorities aver that the images themselves were worshiped as being the person or thing represented. So it was in the days of Abraham. Governments had lost touch with the heavens. The anger of the Lord was kindled against them and he declared that he would call one who was faithful and make him mighty in posterity, conferring upon him the blessings of the Priesthood which right, through obedience, should continue in his seed after him unto the latest generations.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Explain the steps by which idol worship originated.
2. Show how, after the flood, absolute governments were reintroduced. Describe the despotic nature of such governments.
3. Indicate how both idol worship and despotic rule tended to deprive man of his free agency. Who was the real author of both practices?
4. Contrast the true form of the patriarchal order of government with that of the absolute monarchies which were substituted for it.
5. What were the opportunities of the individual under the one form and under the others?
6. Cite instances from scripture or ancient history to verify the statement: "Under such conditions in lands of idolatry and wickedness life must have been filled with constant anxiety and fear . . . . The common people sank into abject misery and bondage."

# *Music*—Fundamentals of Musicianship

CONDUCTING, SINGING, AND ACCOMPANYING

(For Music Department at Union Meeting)

## Lesson 5—Co-ordination of Available Forces and Techniques

*Florence J. Madsen*

(Textbook: *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.)

*Objective:* To acquire freedom and skill in unifying and expressing the message intended in words and music.

1. *The Available Music Forces*
   (a) Music forces are potentially of two kinds—those within us and those from without.
      (1) The inner forces are those inherent in us and often in the music itself, such as: motion, accentuation, sound,

pitch, emotion, imagination, tone quality.

(2) The outer forces are: The congregation, chorus, conductor, and accompanist.

(b) These forces, when co-ordinated and combined, became a powerful means through which to express the message embraced in the words and music. It is of utmost importance, then, that they be given due recognition and prominence.

(c) The conductor and the accompanist, the *leading forces*, should, therefore, ever strive to acquire a wider knowledge and understanding of music and greater efficiency in the techniques of interpretation.

(d) Through powerful leadership in music we experience the real joy of singing, learn to better appreciate music, and to evaluate, through our sacred songs, the sterling truths and principles of the gospel.

## 2. *Co-ordination of Techniques*

(a) There are various allied subjects that will enlighten and prove helpful to the music leaders. One of these subjects is *literature*. The great thoughts of poets and prophets are conveyed to us through this medium. Many inspired verses have been set to music. We should, therefore, constantly be searching for these gems of thought in the various types of literature—books, magazines, periodicals, journals, and newspapers.

(1) Bring to the music department of the union meeting quotations, poems, and digests of articles relevant to the value and importance of music.

(2) Read and discuss one or two of these articles in each session. This will stimulate broader thinking, deeper appreciation, and wider research in music.

(3) Find the valuable information in music dictionaries, books about music, and magazines like *The Etude*. Such reading and research help to effect correct co-ordination of the techniques of literature in music. For instance, the rhyme and meter of poetry correlate with the rhythm and tempo of music.

## 3. *Techniques of the Baton and Their Co-ordination*

(a) The conductor should become aware of her indispensability and recognize her potential powers and needs as a conductor. She should utilize all available music forces, of which baton technique is one of the foremost.

(b) In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Golden Age of conducting, the baton was considered an instrument of necessity and an emblem of efficiency. Conducting with the baton even this early was already becoming a distinctive, traditional custom, and has remained so until the present time.

(c) Great conductors such as: Wagner, Litzt, von Bulow, Stock, Nikisch, etc., were masters of baton technique, as are also many of the foremost conductors of the present day, such as: Toscanini, Monteux, Beecham, Rodzinski.

## 4. *Reasons for Conducting with the Baton*

(a) Conducting, as stated before, is performing; the conductor is a performer, as is the pianist or the violinist; he is not a "driver," but a leader, a unifier, a director, a stimulator.

(b) Directing with a baton makes for accuracy in indicating rhythms and tempos.

(1) The conductor's baton, because of its length, can be seen more readily and farther than can his arm and hand alone.

(2) The baton draws the attention of the performers to a definite focal point; while the hand, with its spreading fingers, directs the attention to five focal points.

(3) Attacks and releases are "pointed," definite, accurate, and refined, when the baton is used.

(4) The conductor who uses a baton is less apt to lose herself in meaningless and disturbing gestures.

(5) The baton enables the conductor to establish and follow definitely prescribed scientific patterns.

(6) Proper use of the baton conduces to dignity, grace, and refinement.

With these, and many other facts in mind, it is earnestly hoped that the Relief Society conductors will learn the language and technique of the baton and apply them in their conducting.

### *Questions and Suggestions for Discussion*

1. Name ten musical forces indispensable to musical expression?

2. What is the importance of the baton?

3. Of what value is the singing of sacred songs?

## *Autumn Fires*

*Marian Schroder Crothers*

Gorgeously arrogant,
Beneath a windless, deep blue sky,
Autumnal trees burn
Like a vast, triumphant fire
Under a golden sun—
Nor yet remember
Cold, dark days
That bank the fire
Till only embers glow,
Tipped here and there by dusty flames.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# *The Great Balance Wheel*

*Sadie W. Adamson*

MY friend was addressing an audience of high repute. Though some of her phrases were crude in form there could be no mistake in the meaning they conveyed. They were delivered with a naive kindness that was both touching and appealing. Straight to the heart they went and were embedded in the soul.

While listening to her, there came into my mind the words of the poet: "Kind words are sweet tones of the heart." Kind words linger in memory and live again in the soul. Even a kind rebuke will linger and bless because it is robbed of its sting.

The eye, ear, and soul are plastic receivers. I wonder if the tones of the great eternal harps are more pleasing than kind words. A small thing, we say, but is it? And how priceless?

Christ taught in the simplest way thus: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. 25:40).

The great balance wheel of all time is no other than kind words.

Kind words are lovely blossoms
Imparting light and growth;
May God in his infinite mercy
Grant us both.

# *Her Trousseau*

*Verda P. Bollschweiler*

She has the gleam of starlight in her eyes,
Her smile is tender, and her laugh is gay;
How wonderful it is to help a daughter
Prepare a trousseau for her wedding day.

I'm glad that she has chosen one
Whom I'll be proud to call my son.

## *I Revel in Blue*

*Lillian Hall Tanner*

I revel in the blue of the Navy:
The frost-blue of early skies,
The lavender-blue of hyacinths,
Steel-blue of a ship's disguise;

The powdery blue of delphiniums,
Teal of a mallard's feather,
The deep turquoise of Carmel's sea;
Indian summer's smoke-blue weather;

And high on a shelf in my cupboard
Rests a plate of willowware,
The color of mother's shoulder shawl,
When at twilight I rested there.

## *Cumulus Grande*

*Ruth H. Chadwick*

Giant tumbleweed balls
  Glistening in the sun;
Sugar coated crystals
  All rolled up in one;
Starch-white, furry marbles,
  Hugged by turquoise blue;
Silent breezes push them
  Like snowballs heaped askew!

## *Winds, Blow Lightly*

*Grace Barker Wilson*

Oh, winds, blow lightly.
My child is asleep,
And will not awaken
Though over him sweep
Storm gales and thunder,
His sleep is so deep.
But, winds, blow lightly.

Oh, rains, fall softly,
Though he will not hear
Should you beat in torrents.
And never a fear
Would trouble his sleeping
As darkness comes near.
But, rains, fall softly.

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# From Near and Far

Please renew my subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*. I live out of town about twenty-eight miles, and I am unable to attend the meetings of the Clifton-Morenci Branch Relief Society. The *Magazine* is a wonderful substitute. I enjoy every portion of it and appreciate the fine work all of you are doing to publish this work in behalf of the women of the Church.

—Mrs. Arthur Lee Wright
Clifton, Arizona

My Grandmother (Mary Elizabeth Jensen Bingham) was born November 6, 1864, in Logan, Utah. *The Relief Society Magazine* has been in Grandma's house since the days when it was called *The Exponent*. She looks forward to its delivery, and reads it from cover to cover. She remembers the days when she would get the team and wagon, and gather up all the neighbors and take them to Relief Society meeting. Sometimes there were as many as sixteen women and children in the wagon at one time. She has held all the offices in the Relief Society organization, from secretary to president.

—Thelva Bell, Los Angeles, California

I have been in the hospital most of the past year, but always read our *Magazine* with my daughter who is working in the Relief Society. I am so thankful I had the opportunity of doing the same, nine years as counselor in our ward and nine years on the Cache Stake Relief Society Board. What a wonderful work it is. I like to keep in touch with our missionaries and send them our *Magazine* so that people in the mission field will have the opportunity of reading it.

—Mrs. Lettie B. H. Rich
Logan, Utah

Under separate cover I am sending to you a little booklet which I have just published in appreciation of my late father, Ben E. Rich, which you may find of interest. My wife has been a subscriber to *The Relief Society Magazine* for many years, and I read it myself quite regularly . . . . My father spent twenty years of his life in the mission field, and he died at an early age of fifty-seven years. He knew more people perhaps in Utah and Idaho at the time of his death thirty-seven years ago than any other man. Most of your subscribers who have passed fifty years of age personally knew him. Over seven thousand missionaries served under him, and they all loved and admired him. Let me take this occasion to state that your *Magazine* is beautifully edited and arranged.

—Benjamin L. Rich
Salt Lake City, Utah

In regard to the note in the Woman's Sphere department (July 1950) regarding Mrs. Abbie S. Young being the only living daughter-in-law of President Brigham Young, I wish to say that my neighbor, Mrs. Dora Williams Young, eighty-six years old, is also a daughter-in-law of Brigham Young, being a wife of Lorenzo Young, son of President Brigham Young.

Ada M. Coppin, Salt Lake City, Utah

May I again express my appreciation for *The Relief Society Magazine*? I read each issue from cover to cover and enjoy each page so much, then in my leisure moments I re-read much of it. It is a joy and an inspiration to me.

—Mrs. John A. Gardner
Santa Monica, California

Having lived most of my life in Montana, I particularly enjoy the feeling of the seasons and the appreciation of nature's beauty found in our high mountain country, which are so well conveyed in the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Elizabeth Waters, Portland Oregon

Please renew my subscription to this wonderful *Magazine*. I enjoy every issue and especially appreciate having it for my teen-age girls to read. They eagerly await its coming every month, and the first one to get it is indeed the lucky one.

—Mrs. Doris Coleman,
Heyburn, Idaho

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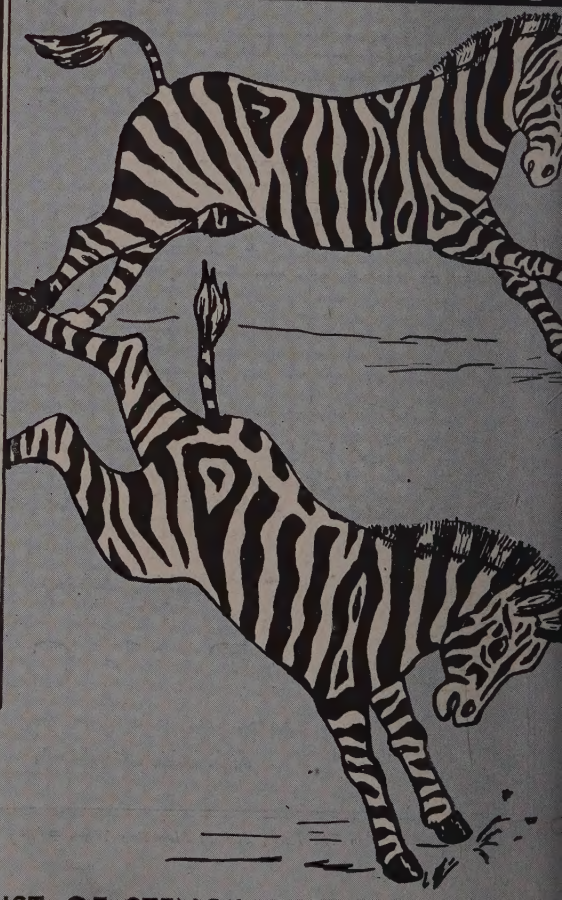

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